POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

ENGLAND

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Poems of Places.

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POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

ENGLAND AND WALES

VOL. IV.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
ULPHA.		
The Kirk of Ulpha	*W. Wordsworth*	1
UNDERCLIFF, ISLE OF WIGHT.		
St. Laurence	*B. R. Parkes*	2
Bonnie Jeanie Walkinshaw	*A. Cunningham*	3
UPPINGHAM.		
Robin, lend to me thy Bow	*Anonymous.*	4
UTTOXETER.		
Dr. Johnson's Penance	*W. Thornbury*	5
WADLING, THE LAKE.		
Tearne Wadling	*Percy's Reliques*	9
WAINSBECK, THE RIVER.		
To the River Wainsbeck	*W. L. Bowles*	11
WALKLEY.		
Walkley	*E. Elliott*	12
WALLINGFORD.		
Wallingford	*W. B. Atkinson*	13
WALSINGHAM.		
Gentle Herdsman, tell to me	*Percy's Reliques*	15
As I came from Walsingham	*Child's Eng. and Scot. Ballads*	17
WALTHAM ABBEY.		
Waltham Holy Cross	*W. L. Bowles*	19
WALTON.		
Walton Castle	"	22
WARDOUR CASTLE.		
Wardour Castle	"	23

WARKWORTH HERMITAGE.
THE HERMITAGE . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 24

WARLOCK WOODS.
WARLOCK WOODS . . . . . *W. Thornbury* . . 25

WARWICK.
THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY . . . . . *Percy's Reliques* . 27
LINES WRITTEN AT WARWICK . . . . . *G. Crabbe* . . . 32

THE WASHES.
THE WASHES . . . . . *M. Drayton* . . . 36

WELLESBOURNE HASTINGS.
WELLESBOURNE AND CHARLCOTE FORD . . *H. Taylor* . . . 37

WESTMORELAND.
LAKE-LAND . . . . . *J. Payn* 38
SONG FOR THE SPINNING-WHEEL . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 39

WEYBRIDGE.
THE FOREST . . . . . *M. Drayton* . . 40

WHITBY.
WHITBY ABBEY . . . . . *W. Leighton* . . 41

WIDDECOMBE-IN-THE-MOOR.
WIDDECOMBE CHURCH . . . . . *N. T. Carrington* . 43

WIDEMOUTH BAY.
FEATHERSTONE'S DOOM . . . . . *R. S. Hawker* . . 45

WIGHT, THE ISLE.
THE ISLE OF WIGHT . . . . . *M. Drayton* . . 46

WILFORD.
LINES WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCHYARD . *H. K. White* . . 47

WILTON.
THE SWANS OF WILTON . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 48
SONNET WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON HOUSE *T. Warton* . . . 49

WILTSHIRE.
THE WILTSHIRE CAIRN . . . . . *W. Thornbury* . . 50

WINCHESTER.
ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE . . . . . *T. Warton* . . . 51
ON LEAVING WINCHESTER SCHOOL . . . . *W. L. Bowles* . . 52
DULCE DOMUM . . . . . *Anonymous* . . . 53

WINDERMERE (WINANDERMERE).
WINANDER . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 55
THE BOY OF WINANDER . . . . . " . 56

WINDSOR.
THE LADY JANE . . . . . *James I. of Scotland* . 57
IMPRISONED IN WINDSOR . . *Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey* 61
CHAUCER AND WINDSOR . . . . . *T. Campbell* . . 63
FUNERAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST . . . . *W. L. Bowles* . . 64
RETURN OF GEORGE THE THIRD TO WINDSOR . " . . 65
THE CONTRAST . . . . . *H. Smith* . . . 66
THE GUARD-CHAMBER . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 68

WINDSOR FOREST.
HERNE'S OAK . . . . . *W. Shakespeare* . 70
WINDSOR FOREST . . . . . *A. Pope* 71
THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT . . . . . *C. B. Southey* . . 74

WIN-HILL.
WIN-HILL . . . . . *E. Elliott* . . . 78

WINSLADE.
SONNET WRITTEN AT WINSLADE . . . . . *T. Warton* . . . 82

WOODSPRING ABBEY.
WOODSPRING ABBEY . . . . . *W. L. Bowles* . . 83

WOODSTOCK.
FAIR ROSAMOND . . . . . *Percy's Reliques* . 84
ROSAMOND TO KING HENRY . . . . . *M. Drayton* . . 88
ROSAMOND'S SONG . . . . . *J. Addison* . . 90
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VERSES WHILE PRISONER *Percy's Reliques* . 91
WOODSTOCK . . . . . *T. Tickell* . . . 92
WOODSTOCK PARK . . . . . *G. Chaucer* . . . 92
WOODSTOCK PARK . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 93
FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK *M. Akenside* . . 93
CHAUCER . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* 94
BLENHEIM . . . . . *Anonymous* . . 95
VERSES ON BLENHEIM . . . . . *J. Swift* 97
INSCRIPTION OVER A SPRING . . . . . *T. Warton* . . . 98

WOOTTON.
SONNET WRITTEN AT WOOTTON, KENT . . . *Sir E. Brydges* . 98

WORCESTER.
MISERRIMUS . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 99

WORKINGTON.
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTTS . . . . . " . 100

WORTHING.
A FIRST VIEW OF THE SEA . . . . . *R. Bloomfield* . . 100

WYE, THE RIVER.
Lines composed above Tintern Abbey . . *W. Wordsworth* . 103
To the River Wye . . . . . *H. Alford* . . . 108

WYTHAM, THE RIVER.
The Wytham. . . . . *M. Drayton* . . 109

WYMESWOLD.
Wymeswold, April, 1837 . . . . . *H. Alford* . . . 110

YARDLEY.
The Yardley Oak . . . . . *W. Cowper* . . 112
Lines under a Drawing of Yardley Oak . *J. Montgomery* . 117

YARMOUTH.
Nelson's Pillar . . . . . *G. Croly* . . . 118

YORK.
York Minster . . . . . *R. Leighton* . . 119
In York . . . . . *C. K. Aitken* . . 120

MISCELLANEOUS.
To an old English Village . . . . . *R. Howitt* . . . 123
The Squire's Pew . . . . . *J. Taylor* . . . 125
The Dark Wagon . . . . . *D. M. Moir* . . 128
The Ballad of Eleanore . . . . . *Mortimer Collins* 133

WALES.

INTRODUCTORY.
The Welsh Bards . . . . . *G. Chaucer* . . 139
The Circuit through Powys . . . . . *Tr. R. Fenton* . 139
Taliesin's Prophecy . . . . . *F. Hemans* . . 144
The Hirlas Horn . . . . . *Tr. R. Williams* 145
A Farewell to Wales . . . . . *F. Hemans* . . 152

ABERGLASNEY.
The Country Walk . . . . . *J. Dyer* 153

ANGLESEA (MONA).
Anglesea . . . . . *M. Drayton* . . 155
To the Queen . . . . . *Sir W. Davenant* 157
The Triumph of Owen . . . . . *T. Gray* . . . 157
Mona . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 159
Druid Chorus. . . . . *F. Hemans.* . . 160
East and West . . . . . *M. Arnold* . . 160
At Holyhead . . . . . *J. Swift* . . . 161
Mona . . . . . *W. Nason* . . . 161

ARGOED LLWYFAIN.
The Battle of Argoed Llwyfain . . . *Tr. W. Whitehead* 163

ARVON.
The Wilds of Arvon . . . . . *R. Southey* . . 165

BANGOR.
Bangor . . . . . " . . 166
Monastery of Old Bangor . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 169
The Monks of Bangor's March . . . . *Sir W. Scott* . . 169

BARDSEY.
The Holy Isle . . . . . *R. Southey* . . 171

BARKLOUGHLY CASTLE.
Richard the Second at Barkloughly Castle *W. Shakespeare* . 172

BODRYDDAN.
Bodryddan . . . . . *L. Hunt* . . . 174

BUILTH.
The Dirge of Llywelyn . . . . *Gruffydd ap Yr Ynad Coch* 179

CADER IDRIS.
The Rock of Cader Idris . . . . . *F. Hemans* . . 181

CAERLEON-UPON-USK.
Caerleon . . . . . *M. Drayton* . . 182
Guinevere . . . . . *A. Tennyson* . . 183
King Arthur . . . . . *B. R. Parkes* . . 183

CARDIFF.
Cardiff Castle . . . . . *Tr. Anonymous* . 185
Cardiff Castle . . . . . *T. Williams* . . 186

CELYDDON.
The Apple-Trees of Celyddon . . . . *Tr. T. Stephens* . 187

CLWYD, THE RIVER.
The River Clwyd . . . . . *M. Drayton* . . 191
The River Clwyd . . . . . *F. Hemans* . . 191

CONWAY.
We are Seven . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 192

CONWAY, THE RIVER.
The River Conway . . . . . *M. Drayton* . . 195
The Bard . . . . . *T. Gray* . . . 197

COOMBE-ELLEN.
Coombe-Ellen . . . . . *W. L. Bowles* . . 202

DEVIL'S BRIDGE.
To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, North Wales, 1824 . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 207

DÔL CIOG.
The Lament of Llywarch . . . . . *Tr. E. Jones* . . 208

DWRDWY.
The Praise of Owain Glyndwr . . . . *Tr. R. Williams* 211

EWIAS.
Ewias . . . . . *M. Drayton* . . 216
For a Monument in the Vale of Ewias . . *R. Southey* . . . 216

FLINT.
The Saxons of Flint . . . . . *Tr. M. C. Llewelyn* 217

GLAMORGANSHIRE.
Glamorganshire . . . . . *Davydd ab Gwilym* 220

GRONGAR HILL.
Grongar Hill . . . . . *J. Dyer* 223

LLANGOLLEN.
To the Lady Eleanor Butler and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 228

LLANNON.
Song . . . . . *A. Seward* . . . 229

LLANWELLYN.
The Maid of Llanwellyn . . . . . *J. Baillie* . . . 230

LLONGBORTH.
Battle of Llongborth . . . . . *Tr. Lady C. Guest* 231

MATHRAVAL.
Mathraval . . . . . *R. Southey* . . . 232

MELANGELL.
Melangell . . . . . " . . . 233

MENAI, THE STRAIT.
The Battle . . . . . *Tr. T. Stephens* . 233
Menai Strait . . . . . *W. Sotheby* . . 234

MERIONETH.
The Cuckoo's Song to Merioneth . . . *Tr. W. Vaughan* 235

MILFORD HAVEN.
Milford Haven . . . . . *M. Drayton* . . 237

PENMANMAWR.
Penmanmawr . . . . . *R. Southey* . . . 238

PLYNLIMMON.
PLYNLLIMON . . . . . *M. Drayton* . . 239
RHYADR, THE RIVER.
THE RIVER RHYADR. . . . . *Tr. G. Borrow* . 240
RIVERS OF WALES.
RIVERS OF WALES . . . . . *M. Drayton* . . 240
ST. ASAPH.
OUR LADY'S WELL . . . . . *F. Hemans* . . 242
ST. DAVID'S.
ST. DAVID'S . . . . . *M. Drayton* . . 243
SKIRID.
SKIRID . . . . . *W. Sotheby* . . 245
SNOWDON.
AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. EVAN EVANS . . . . . *R. Williams* . . 246
ERYRI WEN . . . . . *F. Hemans* . . 247
SNOWDON . . . . . *Tr. G. Barrow* . 249
SNOWDON . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . 249
BETH GÊLERT; OR, THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND. . . . . *W. R. Spencer* . 251
SWANSEA.
ROSE AYLMER. . . . . *W. S. Landor* . 255
TEG-ENGLE.
TEG-ENGLE . . . . . *M. Drayton* . . 256
TIVY, THE RIVER.
THE RIVER TIVY . . . . . " . . 257
FAIR TIVY . . . . . *Sir W. Jones* . . 259
LAST WORDS OF CADWALLON . . . . . *Sir W. Scott* . . 261
TOWY, THE RIVER.
BANKS OF THE TOWY . . . . . *R. Southey*. . . 262
TWYDEE.
TWYDEE. . . . . *W. Peter* . . . 263
USK, THE RIVER.
BRECON BRIDGE . . . . . *F. T. Palgrave* . 265

ENGLAND.

Ulpha.

THE KIRK OF ULPHA.

THE Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky;
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent;
Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,
Take root again, a boundless canopy.
How sweet were leisure, could it yield no more
Than mid that wave-washed churchyard to recline,
From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine!
Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar
Of distant moonlit mountains faintly shine,
Soothed by the unseen river's gentle roar.

William Wordsworth.

Undercliff, Isle of Wight.

ST. LAURENCE.

ST. LAURENCE is a church beside the sea,
Kissed by the southern wind perpetually.
Those who may care to make and keep my grave,
There, if they love me, they shall bury me.

It is the tiniest church in all the land,
By some old Catholic devoutly planned;
Over its belfry and its little porch
The ivy trickles down on either hand.

It is the season when green leaves turn sear, —
To me the loveliest time in all the year;
And he who lingers by the churchyard-wall,
He will not wonder why it seems so dear.

What is this place like on an autumn day? —
One whom I love well, who is far away,
A soul with which each tint would softly blend,
From flame-tipped russet to the tenderest gray.

If ever I from that belovéd heart,
By evil fate — such is — were doomed to part,
I should not struggle with this bitter world; —
Take me, St. Laurence, hide me where thou art!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

BONNIE JEANIE WALKINSHAW.

THE moonbeam sleeps on Undercliff,
The sea is lulled and calm,
The honey-bee has left the rose,
The lily lies in balm;
And all is music that we hear,
All lovely that we see, —
O bonnie Jeanie Walkinshaw,
'T is then I think on thee.

The gladsome sun of May returns
With sweet flowers in his train,
And bird and bee in bower and lea
Break into song again.
What May's bright sun is to the flowers,
The flowers to bird and bee,
O gentle Jeanie Walkinshaw,
Thou 'rt that and more to me.

I see thee shining on thy hills,
Like a young beam of light,
And O, I think how bright thou 'lt be
When all with me is night!
But, gentle one, a smile of thine
Will make my song flow free,
Then, bonnie Jeanie Walkinshaw,
I 'll owe my fame to thee.

Allan Cunningham.

Uppingham.

ROBIN, LEND TO ME THY BOW.

NOW, Robin, lend to me thy bow,
Sweet Robin, lend to me thy bow;
For I must now a hunting with my lady go,
With my sweet lady go.

And whither will thy lady go?
Sweet Wilkin, tell it unto me;
And thou shalt have my hawk, my hound, and eke my bow,
To wait on thy ladye.

My lady will to Uppingham,
To Uppingham, forsooth, will she;
And I myself appointed for to be the man
To wait on my ladye.

Adieu, good Wilkin, all beshrewd,
Thy hunting nothing pleaseth me;
But yet beware thy babbling hounds stray not abroad,
For angering of thy ladye.

My hounds shall be led in the line,
So well I can assure it thee;
Unless by view of strain some pursue I may find,
To please my sweet ladye.

With that the lady she came in,
And willed them all for to agree;
For honest hunting never was accounted sin,
Nor never shall for me.

Anonymous.

Uttoxeter.

DR. JOHNSON'S PENANCE.

"ONCE, indeed, I was disobedient. I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter Market. Pride was the source of this refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time, bareheaded, in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory." (Dr. Johnson's conversation with "Mr. Henry White, a young clergyman" in Lichfield, in 1784.) — BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson.*

A COUNTRY road on market-day
(Is what I see arise),
Crowded with farmers, ruddy men,
Muffled up to the eyes;
For cold and bitter rain beats fast
From the gray cheerless skies.

Past carts with white tilts flagging wet,
Past knots of wrangling hinds,
A burly man with deep-lined face,
Chafed by the churlish winds,
Strides on like dreary packman who
His galling burden binds.

He wears no ruffles round his wrists,
  His wig is scorched and worn;
His slouching coat flaps loose and long, —
  Its buttons but of horn;
The little lace upon its cuffs
  Is frayed and soiled and torn.

It is a day of sullen cloud,
  Of shrinking leaf and flower, —
A day the sun to shine or warm
  Has neither wish nor power;
So fitful falls the wavering veil
  Of the cold bitter shower.

The blackbirds from the hedges break
  In chattering dismay,
Like wicked thoughts in sinners' minds
  When they kneel down to pray;
He sees them not, for darkness deep
  Bars out for him the day.

Before him black and open graves
  Seem yawning in the way;
The sun, a mere vast globe of jet,
  Bodes God's great wrath alway;
He hears strange voices on his track
  That fill him with dismay.

The black rooks o'er the fallows whirl
  Like demons in the sky,
Watching to do some hurt to man,
  But for the sleepless eye

Of God, that, whether day or night,
Still baffles them from high.

The miller's wagon, dripping flour,
Toils on, close covered in;
The pedler, spite of cloak and pack,
Is drenched unto the skin;
The road to Wroxeter is thronged
With cattle crowding in.

With butting heads against the wind
The farmers canter on
(Sure corn that morning has gone down,
They look so woe-begone);
Till now shone out the steeple vane
The sun has flashed upon.

'Tween strings of horses dripping wet
The burly man strides fast;
On market stalls and crowded pens
No eager look he cast;
He thought not of the wrangling fair,
But of a day long past.

He comes to where the market cross
Stands towering o'er the stalls,
Where on the awnings, brown and soaked,
The rain unceasing falls;
Where loud the vagrant auctioneer
With noisy clamor bawls.

He heeds not yonder rocking swings
That laughing rustics fill,

But gazes on one stall where sits
A stripling, quiet and still,
Selling his books, although the rain
Falls ceaselessly and chill.

There, in the well-remembered place,
He stands, head low and bare,
Heedless of all the scoffing crowd
Who jostle round and stare,
Crying, "Why, lads, here 's preacher man
Come to this April Fair."

"Here 's th' April Fool!" a farmer cries,
Holding his swollen side;
Another clacks his whip, a third
Begins to rail and chide,
While salesmen cried their prices out
And with each other vied.

Yet when he silent stood, nor moved
For one long hour at least,
The marketwomen leering said,
"This is some crazy priest
Doing his penance, — pelt him, boys!
Pump on the Popish beast!"

Some counting money turned to sneer;
One with raised hammer there
Kept it still poised, to see the man;
The buyers paused to stare;
The farmer had to hold his dog,
Longing to bite and tear.

As the old clock beats out the time
The stranger strides away,
Past deafening groups of flocks and carts
And many a drunken fray;
The sin of fifty years' agone
That penance purged away.

Call it not superstition, friends,
Or foolish, weak regret;
He was a great good man whose eyes
With tears that day were wet;
'T was a brave act to crush his pride, —
Worthy of memory yet.

Walter Thornbury.

Wadling, the Lake.

TEARNE WADLING.

TEARNE-WADLING is the name of a small lake near Hesketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. There is a tradition that an old castle once stood near the lake, the remains of which were not long since visible. *Tearne*, in the dialect of that country, signifies a small lake, and is still in use.

KING ARTHUR lives in merry Carleile,
And seemely is to see;
And there with him queene Guenever,
That bride soe bright of blee.

And there with him queene Guenever,
That bride so bright in bowre:

And all his barons about him stoode,
That were both stiffe and stowre.

The king a royale Christmasse kept,
With mirth and princelye cheare;
To him repaired many a knighte,
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette,
And cups went freely round:
Before them came a faire damsélle,
And knelt upon the ground.

A boone, a boone, O kinge Arthúre,
I beg a boone of thee;
Avenge me of a carlish knighte,
Who hath shent my love and mee.

At Tearne-Wadling his castle stands,
Near to that lake so fair,
And proudly rise the battlements,
And streamers deck the air.

Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye gay,
May pass that castle-walle:
But from that foule discurteous knighte,
Mishappe will them befalle.

Hee 's twyce the size of common men,
Wi' thewes, and sinewes stronge,
And on his backe he bears a clubbe,
That is both thicke and longe.

This grimme baróne, 't was our harde happe,
But yester morne to see;
When to his bowre he bare my love,
And sore misused mee.

And when I told him, King Arthúre
As lyttle shold him spare;
Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge,
To meete mee if he dare.

Upp then sterted king Arthúre,
And sware by hille and dale,
He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme baróne,
Till he had made him quail.

Goe fetch my sword Excalibar:
Goe saddle mee my steede;
Nowe, by my faye, that grimme baróne
Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.

* * * * *

Percy's Reliques.

Wainsbeck, the River.

TO THE RIVER WAINSBECK.

WHILE slowly wanders thy sequestered stream,
Wainsbeck! the mossy-scattered rocks among,
In fancy's ear still making plaintive song
To the dark woods above, that waving seem
To bend o'er some enchanted spot; removed

From life's vain coil, I listen to the wind,
And think I hear meek Sorrow's plaint, reclined
O'er the forsaken tomb of one she loved! —
Fair scenes! ye lend a pleasure, long unknown,
To him who passes weary on his way —
The farewell tear, which now he turns to pay,
Shall thank you; — and whene'er of pleasures flown
His heart some long-lost image would renew,
Delightful haunts! he will remember you.

William Lisle Bowles.

Walkley.

WALKLEY.

SARAH and William Adams! here we stood,
Roofed by the cloud, which cast his frown between
Wardsend and Loxley's moorlands. From the wood
Of one-starred Grenno, like a sea unseen,
The wind swept o'er us, seeming, in his might,
To shake the steadfast rocks; while, rushing keen
Beyond the edge of darkness, stormy light,
As from a league-wide trumpet, on the scene
A cataract of glory poured; and, bright
In gloom, the hill-tops islanded the night
Of billowy shade around us. Vale and hill,
Forest and cloud, were restless as a fight;
They seemed as they would nevermore be still;
While, anchored over all, the high-poised kite
Saw the foamed rivers dash their blue with white.

Ebenezer Elliott.

Wallingford.

WALLINGFORD.

WHEN I climb to the top of some neighboring height
Where the walls of old Wallingford break on the sight,
My fancy the scenes of the past will renew
Till the forms of my forefathers rise to my view.

The fur-coated savage, the armor-clad knight,
Issue forth from its portals to join in the fight;
And past generations repeople the town,
As o'er it the castle's high battlements frown.

I see the bold Briton contend for his home
In battle forlorn with the legions of Rome;
And the flaxen-haired Saxon defending the plain
Against the wild rush of the death-dealing Dane.

Then the Norman invader appears on the scene,
On whose brow are the laurels of Hastings still green;
And onward resistless his followers sweep
Till the proud flag of Normandy floats from the keep.

Next, when civil contentions the country divide,
By the river an army is seen on each side;
But the high-swollen torrent bids bloodshed to cease,
And the factions of England are blended in peace.

Yet again and again are the ranks in array
Of Briton with Briton in mortal affray;

And the air rings aloud with a Puritan cheer
Or the answering shout of the gay cavalier.

But the vision has vanished, and faded away
Like the dreams of the night at the dawning of day;
And the feuds of old Wallingford rest and are still
As the ivy-crowned ruin that sleeps on its hill.

All hushed are the din and the tumult of war,
And the banners of battle are unfurléd no more;
While the husbandman ploughs and the meadow-grass waves,
Where forgotten the warriors lie in their graves.

Calm, quiet, contented, the little town stands,
Surrounded by fertile and prosperous lands;
And, crowned with antiquity, dwells at its ease,
Encircled by hills and embosomed in trees.

What though restless spirits may murmur and say
That its glories have with former times fled away;
And o'er its decay heave a pitying sigh
That the busy world passes it heedlessly by?

So rest thee, fair Wallingford, just as thou art;
Yet still to thy country fulfilling thy part,
And rearing thy children, though humble they be,
To stand in the ranks of the land of the free:

So live, though obscure and unhonored thy name,
Content in thy duty to seek for thy fame;
And so thy old age uneventfully fleet,
As calm as the river that flows at thy feet.

W. Blake Atkinson.

Walsingham.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

THE scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed.

GENTLE herdsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

"Unto the towne of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gon;
And verry crooked are those pathes
For you to find out all alone."

Weere the miles doubled thrise,
And the way never soe ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence,
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

"Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
For to commit so great a sinne."

Yes, herdsman, yes, soe woldest thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I;

My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,
My clothes and sexe doe differ farr:
I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill:
And though my teares will nought avail,
Most dearely I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere colde bee;
Of comely mien and shape hee was,
And tenderlye hee loved mee.

When thus I saw he loved me well,
I grewe so proud his paine to see,
That I, who did not know myselfe,
Thought scorne of such a youth as hee.

And grew soe coy and nice to please,
As women's lookes are often soe,
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.

Thus being wearyed with delayes
To see I pittyed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there he dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weeds I weare,
And sacriffice my tender age;
And every day Ile begg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will doe till I dye;
And gett me to some secrett place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I.

Now, gentle herdsman, aske no more,
But keepe my secretts I thee pray:
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Show me the right and readye way.

"Now goe thy wayes, and God before!
For he must ever guide thee still:
Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well!"

Percy's Reliques.

AS I CAME FROM WALSINGHAM.

"AS you came from the holy-land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true-love
By the way as you came?"

"How should I know your true-love,
That have met many a one,
As I came from the holy-land,
That have come, that have gone?"

"She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine,
On the earth, in the air."

"Such a one did I meet, good sir,
With angel-like face,
Who like a queen did appear
In her gait, in her grace."

"She hath left me here all alone,
All alone and unknown,
Who sometime loved me as her life,
And called me her own."

"What 's the cause she hath left thee alone,
And a new way doth take,
That sometime did love thee as her life,
And her joy did thee make?"

"I loved her all my youth,
But now am old, as you see;
Love liketh not the fallen fruit,
Nor the withered tree.

"For Love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past;
He is blind, he is deaf, when he list,
And in faith never fast.

"For Love is a great delight,
And yet a trustless joy;

He is won with a word of despair,
And is lost with a toy.

"Such is the love of womankind,
Or the word abused,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excused.

"But love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning;
Never sick, never dead, never cold,
From itself never turning."

Child's English and Scottish Ballads.

Waltham Abbey.

WALTHAM HOLY CROSS.

Time has reft the shrine
Where the last Saxon, canonizéd, lay,
And every trace has vanished, like the light
That from the high-arched eastern window fell,
With broken sunshine on his marble tomb—
So have they passed; and silent are the choirs
That to his spirit sang eternal rest;
And scattered are his bones who raised those walls
Where, from the field of blood slowly conveyed,
His mangled corse, with torch and orison,
Before the altar and in holy earth

Was laid! Yet oft I muse upon the theme;
And now, whilst solemn the slow curfew tolls,
Years and dim centuries seem to unfold
Their shroud, as at the summons; and I think
How sad that sound on every English heart
Smote, when along these darkening vales, where Lea
Beneath the woods of Waltham winds, it broke
First on the silence of the night, far heard
Through the deep forest! Phantoms of the past,
Ye gather round me! Voices of the dead,
Ye come by fits! And now I hear, far off,
Faint Eleesons swell, whilst to the fane
The long procession, and the pomp of death,
Moves visible; and now one voice is heard
From a vast multitude, "Harold, farewell!
Farewell, and rest in peace!" That sable car
Bears the last Saxon to his grave; the last
From Hengist, of the long illustrious line
That swayed the English sceptre. Hark! a cry!
'T is from his mother, who with frantic mien
Follows the bier: with manly look composed,
Godwin, his eldest-born, and Adela,
Her head declined, her hand upon her brow
Beneath the veil, supported by his arm,
Sorrowing succeed! Lo! pensive Edmund there
Leads Wolfe, the least and youngest, by the hand!
Brothers and sisters, silent and in tears,
Follow their father to the dust, beneath
Whose eye they grew. Last and alone, behold,
Magnus, subduing the deep sigh, with brow
Of sterner acquiescence. Slowly pace

The sad remains of England's chivalry,
The few whom Hastings' field of carnage spared,
To follow their slain monarch's hearse this night,
Whose corse is borne beneath the escutcheoned pall,
To rest in Waltham Abbey. So the train,
Imagination thus embodies it,
Movés onward to the abbey's western porch,
Whose windows and retiring aisles reflect
The long funereal lights. Twelve stoléd monks,
Each with a torch, and pacing, two and two,
Along the pillared nave, with crucifix
Aloft, begin the supplicating chant,
Intoning, "Miserere Domine."

* * * * *

One parting sunbeam yet upon the floor
Rested, — it passed away, and darker gloom
Was gathering in the aisles. Each footstep's sound
Was more distinctly heard, for all beside
Was silent. Slow along the glimmering fane
They passed, like shadows risen from the tombs.
The entrance door was closed, lest aught intrude
Upon the sanctity of this sad hour.
The inner choir they enter, part in shade
And part in light, for now the rising moon
Began to glance upon the shrines and tombs
And pillars. Trembling through the windows high,
One beam, a moment, on that cold gray stone
Is flung, — the word "Infelix" is scarce seen.

William Lisle Bowles.

Walton.

WALTON CASTLE.

Look around!
Above the winding reach of Severn stands,
With massy fragments of forsaken towers,
Thy castle, solitary Walton. Hark!
Through the lone ivied arch was it the wind
Came fitful! There by moonlight we might stand,
And deem it some old castle of romance;
And on the glimmering ledge of yonder rock,
Above the wave, fancy it was the form
Of a spectre-lady for a moment seen,
Lifting her bloody dagger, then with shrieks
Vanishing! Hush! there is no sound, — no sound
But of the Severn sweeping onward! Look!
There is no bleeding apparition there, —
No fiery phantoms glare along thy walls!
Surrounded by the works of silent art,
And far, far more endearing, by a group
Of breathing children, their possessor lives;
And ill should I deserve the name of bard,
Of courtly bard, if I could touch this theme
Without a prayer, — an earnest, heartfelt prayer, —
When one, whose smile I never saw but once,
Yet cannot well forget, — when one now blooms,
Unlike the spectre-lady of the rock,
A living and a lovely bride!

William Lisle Bowles.

Wardour Castle.

WARDOUR CASTLE.

IF rich designs of sumptuous art may please,
Or nature's loftier views august and old,
Stranger! behold this spreading scene; — behold
This amphitheatre of aged trees
That solemn wave above thee, and around
Darken the towering hills! Dost thou complain
That thou shouldst cope with penury or pain,
Or sigh to think what pleasures might be found
Amid such wide possessions! — Pause awhile;
Imagine thou dost see the sick man smile;
See the pale exiles that in yonder dome,
Safe from the wasteful storm, have found a home;
And thank the Giver of all good, that lent
To the humane, retired, beneficent
The power to bless. Nor lift thy heart elate
If such domains be thine; but emulate
The fair example, and those deeds that rise
Like holy incense wafted to the skies;
Those deeds that shall sustain the conscious soul,
When all this empty world hath perished like a scroll!

William Lisle Bowles.

Warkworth Hermitage.

THE HERMITAGE.

WARKWORTH Hermitage is situated about half a mile above Warkworth Castle, on the brink of the Coquet River. This venerable retreat is probably the best preserved and the most entire work of its kind now remaining in the kingdom. It contains three apartments, all of them formed by excavation of the solid rock, and impends over the river clothed in a rich mantle of ancient trees, remains of the venerable woods which in olden times sheltered the inmates of this romantic solitude.

THE lonely cavern, like a chapel carved,
Is situate amid the lonely hills;
The scutcheon, cross, and altar hewn in rock,
And by the altar is a cenotaph.
In marble there a lovely lady lies;
An angel, with a welcome at her side,
A welcome to the soul he beareth heaven.
And near a warrior stands, — the desolate!
The wide earth only holds one tomb for him.
Such must have been his history, who first
Cut this sad hermitage within the rock:
Some spirit-broken and world-weary man,
Whose love was in the grave, whose hope in heaven.
Yet a fine nature must have been his own;
A sense of beauty, and a strong delight
In the brave seeming of the visible world,
Whose loveliness is like a sympathy.
Winds the fair river through the vale below,
With sunshine on its waters. Green the woods
Hang the far summits with their changeful shade.

In the soft summer fields are many flowers,
Which breathe at evening on the scented wind.
Still the wild cherry-trees are growing round,
Which first he planted; — yet he loved the world, —
The bright, the beautiful, the glorious world, —
But loved it as those love who love on earth,
Only the hope that looketh up to heaven.

Anonymous.

Warlock Woods.

WARLOCK WOODS.

THE oaks are doomed in pleasant Warlock Woods;
Soon they 'll come crashing through the hazel copse;
Already rocking like poor wind-tossed ships,
I see their reeling spars and waving tops.

Shipwrecked indeed: the old estate is gone;
The knights have yielded to King Mammon's lords;
Rent is the good escutcheon, — sable, gules;
Shivered at last the brave Crusaders' swords.

Soon barked and bare, the oak-trees' giant limbs
Will strew the covert, all o'ergrown with fern:
I hear the jarring axe that cleaves and splits;
I see the woodmen's fires that crackling burn.

'T would be a dismal sight in winter-time,
When boughs are snapped, and branches tempest-cleft,

When dead leaves drift across the rainy skies,
And not a wayside flower of hope is left.

How much more mournful now in sunny air,
When hyacinths in shade grow blue and rank,
When echoing cuckoos greet the spring again,
And violets purple every primrose bank.

Here has the flying rebel cowering hid,
Waiting the footfall and the pitying eyes;
And here, with sullen psalms and gloomy prayers,
The Ironsides have doled their prophecies.

And here the outlaws, in the Norman time,
Strung their big bows, and filed their arrow-heads,
While the wine-jug went round so fierce and fast,
When near them lay the fallow-deer just dead.

These trees have heard full many a parting kiss,
The suicide's last prayer, the lover's sigh,
The murdered one's wild scream: it is for this
I hold them bound to man in sympathy.

The oak woods pay for many a spendthrift's fault;
Old giants, centuries long without a fear,
Fall prostrate at one scornful tap from thee,
Frail ivory hammer of the auctioneer.

"Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang,"
No more to be the homes of hawk or owl;
No more on stormy nights the banshee wind
Shall through thy riven branches gasp and howl.

Walter Thornbury.

Warwick.

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY.

WAS ever knight for ladyes sake
Soe tost in love, as I, Sir Guy,
For Phelis fayre, that lady bright
As ever man beheld with eye?

She gave me leave myself to try,
The valiant knight with sheeld and speare,
Ere that her love she would grant me;
Which made mee venture far and neare.

Then proved I a baron bold,
In deeds of armes the doughtyest knight
That in those dayes in England was,
With sworde and speare in feild to fight.

An English man I was by birthe:
In faith of Christ a christyan true:
The wicked lawes of infidells
I sought by prowesse to subdue.

Nine hundred and twenty yeere and odde
After our Saviour Christ his birth,
When King Athelstone wore the crowne,
I lived heere upon the earth.

Sometime I was of Warwicke erle,
And, as I sayd, of very truth

A ladyes love did me constraine
To seeke strange ventures in my youth;

To win me fame by feates of armes
In strange and sundry heathen lands;
Where I atchieved for her sake
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sayled to Normandye,
And there I stoutlye wan in fight
The emperours daughter of Almaine,
From manye a vallyant worthye knight.

Then passed I the seas to Greece,
To helpe the emperour in his right,
Against the mightye souldans hoaste
Of puissant Persians for to fight:

Where I did slay of Sarazens,
And heathen pagans, manye a man;
And slew the souldans cozen deere,
Who had to name doughtye Coldrán.

Eskeldered, a famous knight,
To death likewise I did pursue:
And Elmayne, King of Tyre, alsoe,
Most terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the souldans hoast,
Being thither on embassage sent,
And brought his head awaye with mee;
I having slaine him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land
Most fiercelye mett me by the waye,
As hee a lyon did pursue,
Which I myself did alsoe slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Greece,
And came to Pavye land aright;
Where I the duke of Pavye killed,
His hainous treason to requite.

To England then I came with speede,
To wedd faire Phelis, lady bright;
For love of whome I travelled farr
To try my manhood and my might.

But when I had espoused her,
I stayd with her but fortye dayes,
Ere that I left this ladye faire,
And went from her beyond the seas.

All cladd in gray, in pilgrim sort,
My voyage from her I did take
Unto the blessed Holy-Land,
For Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake.

Where I Erle Jonas did redeeme,
And all his sonnes, which were fifteene,
Who with the cruell Sarazens
In prison for long time had beene.

I slew the gyant Amarant
In battel fiercelye hand to hand,

And doughty Barknard killed I,
A treacherous knight of Pavye land.

Then I to England came againe,
And here with Colbronde fell I fought;
An ugly gyant, which the Danes
Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the feild,
And slewe him soone right valliantlye;
Wherebye this land I did redeeme
From Danish tribute utterlye.

And afterwards I offered upp
The use of weapons solemnlye
At Winchester, whereas I fought,
In sight of manye farr and nye.

But first, neare Winsor, I did slaye
A bore of passing might and strength;
Whose like in England never was
For hugenesse both in bredth and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yett
Within the castle there doth lye;
One of his sheeld-bones to this day
Hangs in the citye of Coventrye.

On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe
A monstrous wyld and cruell beast,
Calld the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath;
Which manye people had opprest.

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett
Still for a monument doth lye,
And there exposed to lookers viewe,
As wondrous strange, they may espye.

A dragon in Northumberland
I alsoe did in fight destroye,
Which did bothe man and beast oppresse,
And all the countrye sore annoye.

At length to Warwicke I did come,
Like pilgrim poore, and was not knowne;
And there I lived a hermitt's life
A mile and more out of the towne.

Where with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rocke of stone,
And lived like a palmer poore
Within that cave myself alone:

And daylye came to begg my bread
Of Phelis att my castle gate;
Not knowne unto my loved wiffe,
Who dailye mourned for her mate.

Till att the last I fell sore sicke,
Yea, sicke soe sore that I must dye;
I sent to her a ring of golde,
By which shee knew me presentlye.

Then shee repairing to the cave,
Before that I gave up the ghost,

Herself closed up my dying eyes;
My Phelis faire, whom I lovd most.

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,
To bring my corpes unto the grave,
And like a palmer dyed I,
Wherby I sought my soule to save.

My body that endured this toyle,
Though now it be consumed to mold,
My statue, faire engraven in stone,
In Warwicke still you may behold.

Percy's Reliques.

LINES

WRITTEN AT WARWICK.

HAIL! centre-county of our land, and known
For matchless worth and valor all thine own, —
Warwick! renowned for him who best could write,
Shakespeare the Bard, and him so fierce in fight,
Guy, thy brave Earl, who made whole armies fly,
And giants fall, — who has not heard of Guy?

Him sent his Lady, matchless in her charms,
To gain immortal glory by his arms,
Felice the fair, who, as her bard maintained,
The prize of beauty over Venus gained;
For she, the goddess, had some trivial blot
That marred some beauty, which our nymph had not:

But this apart, — for in a favorite theme
Poets and lovers are allowed to dream, —
Still we believe the lady and her knight
Were matchless both, — he in the glorious fight,
She in the bower by day, and festive hall by night.

Urged by his love, the adventurous Guy proceeds,
And Europe wonders at his warlike deeds;
Whatever prince his potent arm sustains,
However weak, the certain conquest gains;
On every side the routed legions fly,
Numbers are nothing in the sight of Guy:
To him the injured make their sufferings known,
And he relieved all sorrows but his own;
Ladies who owed their freedom to his might
Were grieved to find his heart another's right.

The brood of giants, famous in those times,
Fell by his arm, and perished for their crimes.
Colbrand the strong, who by the Dane was brought,
When he the crown of good Athelstan sought,
Fell by the prowess of our champion brave,
And his huge body found an English grave.

But what to Guy were men or great or small,
Or one or many? — he despatched them all;
A huge dun cow, the dread of all around,
A master-spirit in our hero found:
'T was desolation all about her den, —
Her sport was murder, and her meals were men.
At Dunmore Heath the monster he assailed,
And o'er the fiercest of his foes prevailed.

Nor feared he lions, more than lions fear
Poor trembling shepherds, or the sheep they shear;
A fiery dragon, whether green or red
The story tells not, by his valor bled:
What more I know not, but by these 't is plain
That Guy of Warwick never fought in vain.

When much of life in martial deeds was spent,
His sovereign lady found her heart relent,
And gave her hand. Then all was joy around,
And valiant Guy with love and glory crowned;
Then Warwick Castle wide its gate displayed,
And peace and pleasure this their dwelling made.

Alas! not long, — a hero knows not rest;
A new sensation filled his anxious breast.
His fancy brought before his eyes a train
Of pensive shades, the ghosts of mortals slain;
His dreams presented what his sword had done;
He saw the blood from wounded soldiers run,
And dying men, with every ghastly wound,
Breathed forth their souls upon the sanguine ground.

Alarmed at this, he dared no longer stay,
But left his bride, and as a pilgrim gray,
With staff and beads, went forth to weep and fast
and pray.
In vain his Felice sighed, — nay, smiled in vain;
With all he loved he dare not long remain,
But roved he knew not where, nor said, "I come again."

The widowed countess passed her years in grief,
But sought in alms and holy deeds relief;

And many a pilgrim asked, with many a sigh,
To give her tidings of the wandering Guy.

Perverse and cruel! could it conscience ease,
A wife so lovely and so fond to tease?
Or could he not with her a saint become,
And, like a quiet man, repent at home?

How different those who now this seat possess!
No idle dreams disturb their happiness:
The lord who now presides o'er Warwick's towers
To nobler purpose dedicates his powers;
No deeds of horror fill his soul with fear,
Nor conscience drives him from a home so dear:
The lovely Felice of the present day
Dreads not her lord should from her presence stray;
He feels the charm that binds him to a seat
Where love and honor, joy and duty meet.

But forty days could Guy his fair afford;
Not forty years would weary Warwick's lord:
He better knows how charms like hers control
All vagrant thoughts, and fill with her the soul;
He better knows that not on mortal strife
Or deeds of blood depend the bliss of life,
But on the ties that first the heart enchain,
And every grace that bids the charm remain:
Time will, we know, to beauty work despite,
And youthful bloom will take with him its flight;
But love shall still subsist, and, undecayed,
Feel not one change of all that time has made.

George Crabbe.

The Washes.

THE WASHES.

NOW in upon thy earth, rich Lincolnshire, I strain,
At Deeping, from whose street the plenteous ditches drain,
Hemp-bearing Holland's fen, at Spalding that do fall
Together in their course, themselves as emptying all
Into one general sewer, which seemeth to divide
Low Holland from the high, which on their eastern side
The inbending ocean holds, from the Norfolcean lands,
To their more northern point, where Wainfleet drifted stands,
Do shoulder out those seas, and Lindsey bids her stay,
Because to that fair part a challenge she doth lay.
From fast and firmer earth, whereon the Muse of late
Trod with a steady foot, now with a slower gait,
Through quicksands, beach, and ouze, the Washes she must wade,
Where Neptune every day doth powerfully invade
The vast and queachy soil with hosts of wallowing waves,
From whose impetuous force that who himself not saves
By swift and sudden flight is swallowed by the deep,
When from the wrathful tides the foaming surges sweep
The sands which lay all naked to the wide heaven before,

And turneth all to sea which was but lately shore,
From this our southern part of Holland, called the Low,
Where Crowland's ruins yet (though almost buried) show
Her mighty founder's power, yet his more Christian zeal.

Michael Drayton.

Wellesbourne Hastings.

WELLESBOURNE AND CHARLCOTE FORD.

BY Wellesbourne and Charlcote ford
At break of day I saw a sword.
Wessex warriors, rank by rank,
Rose on Avon's hither bank;
Mercia's men in fair array
Looked at them from Marraway;
Close and closer ranged they soon,
And the battle joined at noon.

By Wellesbourne and Charlcote Lea
I heard a sound as of the sea;
Thirty thousand rushing men,
Twenty thousand met by ten;
Rang the shield and brake the shaft,
Tosty yelled, Harcather laughed;
Thorough Avon's waters red
Chased by ten the twenty fled.

By Charlcote ford and Wellesbourne
I saw the moon's pale face forlorn,

River flowed and rushes sighed,
Wounded warriors groaned and died.
Ella took his early rest,
The raven stood on his white breast;
Hoarsely in the dead man's ear
Raven whispered, "Friend, good cheer!
Ere the winter pinch the crow
He that slew thee shall lie low."

Henry Taylor.

Westmoreland.

LAKE-LAND.

ALL our haunts have graceful titles.
Silver-sounding Windermere,
With its Brathay and its Rothay,
Falls like music soft and clear;
Out from under noble Kirkstone,
All adown the mountain-side,
Like a swift yet gentle motion,
'Lights the white-walled Ambleside;
Freshly wave the woods of Rydal,
Our Grasmere may all men know
For a haunt of peace and pleasure
Whose eyes have ne'er seen Silver How,
Sought the happy glen of Easedale,
Or Seat-Sandal's height explored,
Or looked upon our own Helvellyn
Over all things mountain-lord;

Glaramara, home of thunder,
Little Langdale fair to see,
Heights of awe or scenes of beauty
Seem to tell us what they be;
Whether Dungeon Ghyll the gloomy
Or the lofty lone Red Tarn,
Or Troutbeck vale or Elterwater,
These can beckon, those can warn:
Save one nursling, no true daughter,
Wrynose, set amidst the south,
A hideous child that was deserted
By its mother Cockermouth.

James Payn.

SONG FOR THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

FOUNDED UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT AMONG THE PASTORAL VALES OF WESTMORELAND.

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel!
Night has brought the welcome hour
When the weary fingers feel
Help, as if from faery power;
Dewy night o'ershades the ground;
Turn the swift wheel round and round!

Now, beneath the starry sky,
Couch the widely scattered sheep;—
Ply the pleasant labor, ply!
For the spindle, while they sleep,
Runs with speed more smooth and fine,
Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred
By a glance from fickle eyes;
But true love is like the thread
Which the kindly wool supplies,
When the flocks are all at rest
Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

William Wordsworth.

Weybridge.

THE FOREST.

WAYBRIDGE, a neighboring nymph, the only remnant left
Of all that forest kind, by time's injurious theft
Of all that tract destroyed, with wood which did abound,
And former times had seen the goodliest forest-ground
This island ever had: but she so left alone,
The ruin of her kind, and no man to bemoan.
The deep-entrancéd flood, as thinking to awake,
Thus from her shady bower she silently bespake:
"O flood in happy plight, which to this time remain'st,
As still along in state to Neptune's court thou strain'st;
Revive thee with the thought of those forepasséd hours,
When the rough wood-gods kept, in their delightful bowers
On thy embroidered banks, when now this country filled

With villages, and by the laboring ploughman tilled,
Was forest, where the fir and spreading poplar grew.
O, let me yet the thought of those past times renew,
When as that woody kind, in our umbrageous wild,
Whence every living thing save only they exiled,
In this their world of waste the sovereign empire swayed.
O, who would e'er have thought that time could have decayed
Those trees whose bodies seemed by their so massy weight
To press the solid earth, and with their wondrous height
To climb into the clouds, their arms so far to shoot,
As they in measuring were of acres, and their root,
With long and mighty spurns to grapple with the land,
As nature would have said, that they shall ever stand:
So that this place where now this Huntingdon is set,
Being an easy hill where mirthful hunters met,
From that first took the name."

Michael Drayton.

Whitby.

WHITBY ABBEY.

THOU relic of a bygone generation,
Thou crumbling record of a vanished race,
Towering aloft in lonely desolation,
Like the great guardian spirit of the place:

Thy walls with age are mouldering, gray and hoary,
Where thy long transept lay the grass waves green;
And scarce a remnant of thy former glory
Remains to tell us what thou once hast been.

Yet here in days of yore a royal maiden
Has ministered upon the sacred shrine;
And knights and nobles with their symbols laden
Have joined the orisons and rites divine.

Here images of saints in dark-niched spaces
Have peered on black-cowled monks devoid of smiles;
And meek-eyed nuns, with fair and pensive faces,
Have flitted through the solemn-whispering aisles.

Here oft the sweet strains of an Ave Mary
Have stolen through the twilight, still and clear;
And the wild cadence of a Miserere
Has struck upon the midnight's startled ear.

And in the frequent pauses of devotion,
When silence brooded o'er the prostrate band,
Was heard the deep-mouthed wailing of the ocean
Beating forever on the rocky strand.

But all is changed! — no more the night-wind, stealing
Through thy dim galleries and vacant nave,
Will catch the sound of music's measured pealing
And bear it far across the moonlit wave:

No more when morning gilds the eastern heaven
Will early matins rise or organ swell;

And when the first stars gem the brow of even
No more will sound the sweet-toned vesper bell.

Thy glory has gone by! and thou art standing
In lonely pomp upon thy sea-washed hill,
Wearing in hoary age a mien commanding,
And in thy desolation stately still!

William Leighton.

Widdecombe-in-the-Moor.

WIDDECOMBE CHURCH.

Far o'er hill and dale
Their summons glad the Sabbath-bells had flung; —
From hill and dale obedient they had sped
Who heard the holy welcoming; and now
They stood above the venerable dead
Of centuries, and bowed where they had bowed
Who slept below. The simple touching tones
Of England's psalmody upswelled, and all,
With lip and heart united, loudly sang
The praises of the Highest. But anon,
Harsh mingling with that minstrelsy, was heard
The fitful blast; — the pictured windows shook, —
Around the aged tower the rising gale
Shrill whistled; and the ancient massive doors
Swung on their jarring hinges. Then — at once —
Fell an unnatural calm, and with it came

A fearful gloom, deepening and deepening, till
'T was dark as night's meridian; for the cloud,
Descending, had within its bosom wrapt
The fated dome. At first a herald flash
Just chased the darkness, and the thunder spoke,
Breaking the strange tranquillity. But soon
Pale horror reigned, — the mighty tempest burst
In wrath appalling; — forth the lightning sprang,
And death came with it, and the living writhed
In that dread flame-sheet.
Clasped by liquid fire,
Bereft of hope, they madly said the hour
Of final doom was nigh, and soul and sense
Wild reeled; and, shrieking, on the sculptured floor
Some helpless sank; and others watched each flash
With haggard look and frenzied eye, and cowered
At every thunder-stroke. Again a power
Unseen dealt death around! In speechless awe
The boldest stood; and when the sunny ray,
Glancing again on river, field, and wood,
Had chased the tempest, and they drank once more
The balmy air, and saw the bow of God,
His token to the nations, throwing wide
Its arch of mercy o'er the freshened earth,
How welcome was that light, that breeze, that bow!
And O, how deep the feeling that awoke
To Heaven the hymn of thankfulness and joy!

Noel Thomas Carrington.

Widemouth Bay.

FEATHERSTONE'S DOOM.

THE Blackrock is a bold, dark, pillared mass of schist, which rises midway on the shore of Widemouth Bay, near Bude, and is held to be the lair of the troubled spirit of Featherstone the wrecker, imprisoned therein until he shall have accomplished his doom.

TWIST thou and twine! in light and gloom
A spell is on thine hand;
The wind shall be thy changeful loom,
Thy web the shifting sand.

Twine from this hour, in ceaseless toil,
On Blackrock's sullen shore;
Till cordage of the sand shall coil
Where crested surges roar.

'T is for that hour when from the wave
Near voices wildly cried;
When thy stern hand no succor gave,
The cable at thy side.

Twist thou and twine! in light and gloom
The spell is on thine hand;
The wind shall be thy changeful loom,
Thy web the shifting sand.

Robert Stephen Hawker.

Wight, the Isle.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

WHEN as the pliant Muse, with fair and even flight,
Betwixt her silver wings is wafted to the Wight;
That isle, which jutting out into the sea so far,
Her offspring traineth up in exercise of war,
Those pirates to put back, that oft purloin her trade,
Or Spaniards or the French attempting to invade.
Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace:
Not one of all her nymphs her sovereign favoreth thus,
Embraced in the arms of old Oceanus.
For none of her account so near her bosom stand,
'Twixt Penwith's farthest point and Goodwin's queachy sand,
Both for her seat and soil, that far before the other
Most justly may account great Britain for her mother.
A finer fleece than hers not Lemster's self can boast,
Nor Newport, for her mart, o'ermatched by any coast.
To these the gentle South, with kisses smooth and soft,
Doth in her bosom breathe, and seems to court her oft.
Besides her little rills, her inlands that do feed,
Which with their lavish streams do furnish every need;
And meads, that with their fine soft grassy towels stand
To wipe away the drops and moisture from her hand;
And to the north, betwixt the fore-land and the firm,
She hath that narrow sea which we the Solent term;

Where those rough ireful tides, as in her streights they meet,
With boisterous shocks and roars each other rudely greet:
Which fiercely when they charge, and sadly make retreat,
Upon the bulwarkt forts of Hurst and Calsheot beat,
Then to Southampton run: which by her shores supplied
(As Portsmouth by her strength), doth vilify their pride.

Michael Drayton.

Wilford.

LINES WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCHYARD ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

HERE would I wish to sleep. This is the spot
Which I have long marked out to lay my bones in;
Tired out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot! the sultry sun,
From his meridian height, endeavors vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr
Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
And plays about my wan cheek. 'T is a nook
Most pleasant. Such a one perchance did Gray
Frequent, as with the vagrant muse he wantoned.
Come, I will sit me down and meditate,

For I am wearied with my summer's walk,
And here I may repose in silent ease;
And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey 's o'er,
My harassed soul in this same spot may find
The haven of its rest, — beneath this sod
Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as death.

* * * * *

Henry Kirke White.

Wilton.

THE SWANS OF WILTON.

O, HOW the swans of Wilton
Twenty abreast did go,
Like country girls bound for the church,
Sails set and all aglow!
With pouting breast in pure white dressed
Softly gliding in a row.

Where through the weed's green fleeces,
The perch in brazen coat,
The golden shuttles mermaids use
Shot past my crimson float;
Where swinish carp were snoring loud
Around the anchored boat.

Adown the gentle river
The white swans bore in sail,
Their full, soft feathers puffing out
Like canvas in the gale;

And all the kine and dappled deer
Stood watching in the vale.

The stately swans of Wilton
Strutted and puffed along,
Like canons in their full white gowns
Late for an evening song,
When up the vale the peevish bell
In vain has chided long.

O, how the swans of Wilton
Bore down the radiant stream!
As calm as holy hermits' lives,
Or a play-tired infant's dream;
Like fairy beds of last year's snow,
Did these radiant creatures seem.

Anonymous.

SONNET

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON HOUSE.

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart?
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous towers,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours!
Vain the complaint; for fancy can impart
(To fate superior, and to fortune's doom)

Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the graces in their Attic pall,
Bid the green landskip's vernal beauty bloom,
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

Thomas Warton.

Wiltshire.

THE WILTSHIRE CAIRN.

CARADOC with the golden torque,
Amber anklets and sword of bronze,
A wolf-skin clothing his giant limbs
Tawny with thirty summers' suns,
Was slain beneath those great beech-trees
By Roman spearmen, who had found
His last retreat, and burnt his hut,
And dragged his wife in fetters bound.

Now see the mound, that scarcely swells
Above the level of the downs,
Upon whose summit, dry and sear,
Ground-thistles spread their purple crowns;
While round it nets the dry crisp thyme
The bees love so: those old trees wave
Just where the Roman spearmen struck,
And Caradoc had here his grave.

'T was fourteen hundred years ago;
And now the thrush upon the thorn

Sings heedless of that chieftain's fate;
And on this golden July morn
A little butterfly, all blue,
In the mid air is hovering
Around the flowering grass that grows
Above the ashes of the king.

And far away the cornfields stretch
In golden sections, fading dim
To the gray ridge of farther down;
That burring murmur is the hymn
Of the great conqueror Steam, the chief
Of new reformers. See that whiff
Of flying smoke, — that is the train;
Fast burrowing in the tunnelled cliff.

Walter Thornbury.

Winchester.

ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE.

WHERE Venta's Norman castle still uprears
Its raftered hall, that o'er the grassy foss
And scattered flinty fragments clad in moss
On yonder steep in naked strength appears,
High hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's board; — on the capacious round
Some British pen has sketched the names renowned,
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.

Though joined by magic skill with many a rhyme
The Druid frame, unhonored, falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wizard time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
Those chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay.

Thomas Warton.

ON LEAVING WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

THE spring shall visit thee again,
Itchin! and yonder ancient fane,
That casts its shadow on thy breast,
As if, by many winters beat,
The blooming season it would greet,
With many a straggling wild-flower shall be dressed.

But I amid the youthful train
That stray at evening by thy side,
No longer shall a guest remain
To mark the spring's reviving pride.
I go not unrejoicing; but who knows
When I have shared, O world! thy common woes,
Returning I may drop some natural tears;
As these same fields I look around,
And hear from yonder dome the slow bell sound,
And think upon the joys that crowned my stripling years!

William Lisle Bowles.

DULCE DOMUM.

About two hundred and thirty years ago, a scholar of St. Mary's College, Winchester, was, for some offence committed, confined by order of the master, and it being just previous to the Whitsuntide vacation, was not permitted to visit his friends, but remained a prisoner at the college, as report says, tied to a pillar. During this period he composed [in Latin] the well-known "Dulce Domum," being the recollections of the pleasures he was wont to join in at that season of the year. Grief at the disgrace and the disappointment he endured so heavily affected him that he did not live to witness the return of his companions, at the end of their holidays.

In commemoration of the above, annually on the evening preceding the Whitsun holidays, the master, scholars, and choristers of the above college, attended by a band of music, walk in procession round the court of the college and the pillar to which it is alleged the unfortunate youth was tied, and chant the verses which he composed in his affliction. — Hone's *Every-Day Book*, II. 710.

SING a sweet melodious measure,
Waft enchanting lays around;
Home! a theme replete with pleasure!
Home! a grateful theme resound!

CHORUS.

Home, sweet home! an ample treasure!
Home! with every blessing crowned!
Home! perpetual source of pleasure!
Home! a noble strain, resound.

Lo! the joyful hour advances;
Happy season of delight!
Festal songs and festal dances
All our tedious toil requite.

Leave, my wearied Muse, thy learning,
Leave thy task, so hard to bear;

Leave thy labor, ease returning,
Leave this bosom, O my care.

See the year, the meadow, smiling!
Let us then a smile display,
Rural sports, our pain beguiling,
Rural pastimes call away.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
And no longer roves to roam;
Her example thus impelling,
Let us seek our native home.

Let our men and steeds assemble,
Panting for the wide champaign;
Let the ground beneath us tremble,
While we scour along the plain.

O, what raptures, O, what blisses,
When we gain the lovely gate!
Mother's arms and mother's kisses
There our blessed arrival wait.

Greet our household-gods with singing,
Lend, O Lucifer, thy ray;
Why should light, so slowly springing,
All our promised joys delay?

Tr. Anonymous.

Windermere (Winandermere).

WINANDER.

MIDWAY on long Winander's eastern shore,
Within the crescent of a pleasant bay,
A tavern stood; no homely-featured house,
Primeval like its neighboring cottages,
But 't was a splendid place, the door beset
With chaises, grooms, and liveries, and within
Decanters, glasses, and the blood-red wine.
In ancient times, and ere the hall was built
On the large island, had this dwelling been
More worthy of a poet's love, a hut,
Proud of its own bright fire and sycamore shade.
But, though the rhymes were gone that once inscribed
The threshold, and large golden characters,
Spread o'er the spangled sign-board, had dislodged
The old Lion and usurped his place, in slight
And mockery of the rustic painter's hand,
Yet, to this hour, the spot to me is dear,
With all its foolish pomp. The garden lay
Upon a slope surmounted by a plain
Of a small bowling-green; beneath us stood
A grove, with gleams of water through the trees
And over the tree-tops; nor did we want
Refreshment, strawberries and mellow cream.
There, while through half an afternoon we played
On the smooth platform, whether skill prevailed

Or happy blunder triumphed, bursts of glee
Made all the mountains ring. But ere nightfall,
When in our pinnace we returned at leisure
Over the shadowy lake, and to the beach
Of some small island steered our course with one,
The minstrel of the troop, and left him there,
And rowed off gently, while he blew his flute
Alone upon the rock, — O, then the calm
And dead still water lay upon my mind
Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,
Never before so beautiful, sank down
Into my heart, and held me like a dream!

William Wordsworth.

THE BOY OF WINANDER.

THERE was a boy: ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander! — many a time
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him; and they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud,
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild

Of jocund din; and, when a lengthened pause
Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind,
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

William Wordsworth.

Windsor.

THE LADY JANE.

JAMES THE FIRST of Scotland, a prisoner at Windsor, sees from his window the Lady Jane Beaufort, who afterwards became his Queen.

BEWAILING in my chamber, thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tired of my thought, and woe-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy
To see the world and folk that went forbye,
As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the towris wall,
A garden fair; and in the corners set
Ane arbour green, with wandis long and small

Railed about, and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet
That lyf was none walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And mids of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis sat,
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song.

* * * * *

And therewith cast I down mine eyes again,
Where as I saw, walking under the tower,
Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
The fairist or the freshest younge flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astart,
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasit tho a lite,
No wonder was; for why? my wittis all
Were so overcome with pleasance and delight,

Only through letting of my eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
For ever of free will, — for of menace
There was no token in her sweete face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And eftesoons I leant it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight mo', but only women twain.
Then gan I study in myself, and sayn,
"Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?

"Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
And comin are to loose me out of band?
Or are ye very Nature the goddess,
That have depainted with your heavenly hand,
This garden full of flowers as they stand?
What shall I think, alas! what reverence
Shall I mister unto your excellence?

"If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it not astart:
If ye be warldly wight, that doth me sike,
Why list God make you so, my dearest heart,
To do a seely prisoner this smart,
That loves you all, and wot of nought but wo?
And therefore mercy, sweet! sin' it is so."

Of her array the form if I shall write,
Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretwise couchit with pearlis white

And great balas leaming as the fire,
With mony ane emeraut and fair sapphire;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumis parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spangis bright as gold,
Forged of shape like to the amorets,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
The plumis eke like to the flower jonets;
And other of shape like to the flower jonets;
And above all this, there was, well I wot,
Beauty enough to make a world to doat.

About her neck, white as the fire amail,
A goodly chain of small orfevory,
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to ane heart shapen verily,
That as asp ark of low, so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now if there was good party, God it wot.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
Ane hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen to-forow,
As I suppose; and girt she was alite,
Thus halflings loose for haste, to such delight
It was to see her youth in goodlihede,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble aport,
Bounty, riches, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report:

Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child avance!

* * * * *

And when she walked had a little thraw
Under the sweete greene boughis bent,
Her fair fresh face, as white as any snaw,
She turned has, and furth her wayis went;
But then began mine aches and torment,
To see her part and follow I na might;
Methought the day was turned into night.

James I. of Scotland.

IMPRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

SO cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor? Where I in lust and joy,
With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy;
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.
The large green courts, where we were wont to rove,
With eyes upcast unto the maiden's tower,
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
When each of us did plead the other's right.
The palm play, where desported for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we, by gleams of love,

Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravelled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse with swords and friendly hearts;
With cheer as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth;
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise;
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forést, the clothed holts with green;
With reins availed, and swift ybreathéd horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
The void walls eke that harbored us each night:
Wherewith, alas! revive within my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
The wanton talk, the divers change of play;
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
Wherewith we passed the winter night away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue:
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
Up-suppéd have, thus I my plaint renew:
"O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!

Give me account, where is my noble fere?
Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose;
To other lief; but unto me most dear."
Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine, with bondage and restraint;
And with remembrance of the greater grief,
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

CHAUCER AND WINDSOR.

LONG shalt thou flourish, Windsor! bodying forth
Chivalric times, and long shall live around
Thy Castle the old oaks of British birth,
Whose gnarléd roots, tenacious and profound,
As with a lion's talons grasp the ground.
But should thy towers in ived ruin rot,
There 's one, thine inmate once, whose strain renowned
Would interdict thy name to be forgot;
For Chaucer loved thy bowers and trode this very spot.
Chaucer! our Helicon's first fountain-stream,
Our morning star of song, — that led the way
To welcome the long-after coming beam
Of Spenser's light and Shakespeare's perfect day
Old England's fathers live in Chaucer's lay,
As if they ne'er had died. He grouped and drew
Their likeness with a spirit of life so gay,
That still they live and breathe in Fancy's view,
Fresh beings fraught with truth's imperishable hue.

Thomas Campbell.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST,

AT NIGHT, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

THE castle clock had tolled midnight;
With mattock and with spade,
And silent, by the torches' light,
His corse in earth we laid.

The coffin bore his name, that those
Of other years might know,
When earth its secrets should disclose,
Whose bones were laid below.

"Peace to the dead" no children sung,
Slow pacing up the nave;
No prayers were read, no knell was rung,
As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,
In many a sullen gust,
As o'er the open grave inclined,
We murmured, "Dust to dust!"

A moonbeam, from the arches' height,
Streamed, as we placed the stone;
The long aisles started into light,
And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then,
That shook along the walls,

While the sad shades of mailéd men
Were gazing from the stalls.

'T is gone! again, on tombs defaced,
Sits darkness more profound,
And only, by the torch, we traced
The shadows on the ground.

And now the chilly, freezing air
Without blew long and loud;
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer
Where he slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor, —
No name, no trace appears, —
And when we closed the sounding door,
We thought of him with tears.

William Lisle Bowles.

RETURN OF GEORGE THE THIRD TO WINDSOR CASTLE.

NOT that thy name, illustrious dome! recalls
The pomp of chivalry in bannered halls,
The blaze of beauty, and the gorgeous sights
Of heralds, trophies, steeds, and crested knights;
Not that young Surrey there beguiled the hour
With "eyes upturned unto the maiden's tower," —
O, not for these the Muse officious brings
Her gratulations to the best of kings:
But that, from cities and from crowds withdrawn,
Calm peace may meet him on the twilight lawn;

That here among these gray primeval trees
He may inhale health's animating breeze;
That these old oaks which far their shadows cast,
May soothe him while they whisper of the past.
And when from that proud terrace he surveys
Slow Thames devolving his majestic maze
(Now lost on the horizon's verge, now seen
Winding through lawns, and woods, and pastures green),
May he reflect upon the waves that roll,
Bearing a nation's wealth from pole to pole,
And own (ambition's proudest boast above)
A king's best glory is his country's love.

William Lisle Bowles.

THE CONTRAST.

WRITTEN UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE, THE DAY AFTER THE FUNERAL OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

I SAW him last on this terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with his court; and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, and the leaves were green,
Blithely the birds were singing,
The cymbal replied to the tambourine,
And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,
When not a word was spoken;

But every eye was dim with a tear,
And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour
To the muffled drum's deep rolling,
While the minute-gun with its solemn roar
Drowned the death-bell's tolling.

The time since he walked in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried,
Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
But to him a night unvaried.

We have fought the fight; from his lofty throne
The foe of our land we have tumbled;
And it gladdened each eye, save his alone,
For whom that foe we humbled.

A daughter beloved, — a Queen, — a son, —
And a son's sole child have perished;
And sad was each heart, save the only one
By which they were fondest cherished.

For his eyes were sealed, and his mind was dark,
And he sat in his age's lateness,
Like a vision throned, as a solemn mark
Of the frailty of human greatness.

His silver beard o'er a bosom spread,
Unvexed by life's commotion,
Like a yearly-lengthening snow-drift shed
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

O'er him oblivion's waters boomed,
As the stream of time kept flowing;
And we only heard of our King when doomed
To know that his strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
By weakness rent asunder,
A part of the wreck of the Royal George,
For the people's pity and wonder.

Horace Smith.

THE GUARD-CHAMBER.

"THE most striking object, as you enter, is a bronze bust of Lord Nelson, by Sir Francis Chantrey, on a pedestal composed of a portion of the foremast of the Victory, Nelson's flag-ship (with the British flags drooping over it), completely shot through by a cannon-ball at the battle of Trafalgar." — CLAYTON'S *Companion to the Sights of London.*

THIS trophy bore, near Calpe's tide,
The British standard, floating wide,
And led our gallant fleet with pride
Immortal fame to find;
Around its base were heroes lying,
Their glory with existence buying,
And Nelson, wounded, faint, and dying,
With yet unconquered mind.

Red flashes from the wreathing smoke
Athwart the gloom as lightning broke,
When Albion's thundering broadsides woke
Iberia's rocks afar;

At morn two nations for our foes
All redolent of life arose,
But thousands, ere the evening's close,
Lay dead at Trafalgar.

'T was then, O France! in homage due
Thy banner sank, of triple hue:
And (shame to Andalusia's view!)
The flag of Spain was furled.
St. George's ensign reigned alone;
Nor till that hour his fate was known,
The chief who made the day our own
And sought a better world.

When, far beyond the reach of art,
Fond thoughts were busy at his heart,
And whispered it was hard to part
From glory, love, and life;
The shades of death around him fell,
But, ere he breathed his last farewell,
He heard the shout of conquest swell,
And terminate the strife.

True friendship lives beyond the grave,
Preserves the memory of the brave,
And prompts a naval King to save
This record of his fame;
That long as Britain shall endure,
Within her circling waves secure,
Her warrior sons, and patriots pure,
May honor Nelson's name.

Some yet survive his toils who shared,
Whose lives the God of Battles spared,
Though death in every form they dared,
Ere rose the vesper star;
And all who saw that glorious day,
Near fifty years now passed away,
May proudly to their children say,
"We fought at Trafalgar!"

Anonymous.

Windsor Forest.

HERNE'S OAK.

THERE is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter, for a truth.

William Shakespeare.

WINDSOR FOREST.

THE groves of Eden, vanished now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water, seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crushed and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a checkered scene display,
And part admit and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And, midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
That, crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Nor proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,

Though gods assembled grace his towering height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crowned;
Here blushing Flora paints the enamelled ground;
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And, nodding, tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

* * * * *

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and, panting, beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breathed beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare
(Beasts, urged by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo).
With slaughtering guns the unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whitened all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapors breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,—
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes rolled;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropped with gold;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains;
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

* * * * *

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind

Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.

Alexander Pope.

THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

THE royal minister was George the Third. The anecdote is related on the authority of the Rev. George Crabbe, the well-known poet of humble life.

OUTSTRETCHED beneath the leafy shade
Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade,
A dying woman lay;
Three little children round her stood,
And there went up from the greenwood
A woful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,
"O mother, mother! do not die,
And leave us all alone."
"My blessed babes!" she tried to say,
But the faint accents died away
In a low sobbing moan.

And then life struggled hard with death,
And fast and strong she drew her breath,
And up she raised her head;
And, peeping through the deep-wood maze
With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,
"Will he not come?" she said.

Just then the parting boughs between,
A little maid's light form was seen,
All breathless with her speed;
And, following close, a man came on
(A portly man to look upon),
Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,
Or e'er she reached the woman's side,
And kissed her clay-cold cheek, —
"I have not idled in the town,
But long went wandering up and down,
The minister to seek.

"They told me here, they told me there,
I think they mocked me everywhere;
And when I found his home,
And begged him on my bended knee,
To bring his book and come with me,
Mother! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,
And would not go in peace away
Without the minister;
I begged him, for dear Christ, his sake,
But oh! my heart was fit to break —
Mother! he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding me,
I ran back, fast as fast could be,
To come again to you;

And here, close by, this squire I met,
Who asked (so mild) what made me fret;
And when I told him true,

"'I will go with you, child,' he said,
'God sends me to this dying bed.'
Mother, he 's here, hard by."
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck flung free,
With quivering flank and bended knee,
Pressed close his bonny bay;
A statelier man, a statelier steed,
Never on greensward paced, I rede,
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye
And folded arms; and in his look
Something that like a sermon book
Preached, "All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,
He stepped to where she lay;
And, kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying, "I am a minister, —
My sister! let us pray."

And well, withouten book or stole
(God's words were printed on his soul),
  Into the dying ear
He breathed, as 't were, an angel's strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
  And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed, regenerate,
  Of God's most blest decree
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant, with the cry
  "Be merciful to me!"

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,
Endured but for a little while
  In patience, faith, and love,
Sure, in God's own time, to be
Exchanged for an eternity
  Of happiness above.

Then, as the spirit ebbed away,
He raised his hands and eyes, to pray
  That peaceful it might pass;
And then the orphans' sobs alone
Were heard, as they knelt every one
  Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wondering eyes
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,
  Who reined their coursers back,

Just as they found the long astray,
Who, in the heat of chase that day,
Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,
And lighted down, as if agreed,
In silence at his side;
And there, uncovered all, they stood—
It was a wholesome sight and good—
That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep-hushed, bare-headed band;
And central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground,
Her ragged orphans clinging round,
Knelt their anointed king.

Caroline Bowles Southey.

Win-Hill.

WIN-HILL.

THE CENTRAL MOUNTAIN OF THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.

KING of the Peak, Win-Hill! thou, throned and crowned,
That reign'st o'er many a stream and many a vale!
Star-loved, and meteor-sought, and tempest-found!
Proud centre of a mountain-circle, hail!

The might of man may triumph or may fail;
But, eldest brother of the Air and Light,
Firm shalt thou stand when demigods turn pale!
For thou, ere science dawned on reason's night,
Wast, and wilt be when mind shall rule all other might.

To be a crowned and sceptred curse, that makes
Immortals worms! a wolf, that feeds on souls!
One of the names which vengeance whips with snakes,
Whose venom cannot die! a king of ghouls,
Whose drink is blood! To be clear-eyed as owls,
Still calling darkness light, and winter spring!
To be a tiger-king, whose mercy growls!
To be of meanest things the vilest thing!
Throned asp o'er lesser asps! What grub would be
a king?

But, crowned Win-Hill! to be a king like thee!
Older than death! as God's thy calm behest!
Only heaven-rivalled in thy royalty!
Calling the feeble to thy sheltering breast,
And shaking beauty from thy gorgeous vest,
And loved by every good and happy thing!
With naught beneath thee that thou hast not blessed,
And naught above thee but the Almighty's wing!
O, glorious godlike aim! Who would not be a king?

But, lo, the Inn! the mountain-girded Inn!
Whose amber stream is worth all Helicon!
To pass it fasting were a shame and sin;
Stop! for the gate hangs well that hinders none;

Refresh, and pay, then stoutly travel on!
Ay, thou hast need to pree the barley-wine;
Steep is the ascent, O bard! thou look'st upon:
To reach that cloud-capt seat and throne divine
Might try a stronger frame and younger limbs than thine.

* * * * *

High on the topmost jewel of thy crown,
Win-Hill! I sit bareheaded, ankle-deep
In tufts of rose-cupped bilberries; and look down
On towns that smoke below, and homes that creep
Into the silvery clouds, which far off keep
Their sultry state! and many a mountain stream,
And many a mountain vale "and ridgy steep";
The Peak, and all his mountains, where they gleam
Or frown, remote or near, more distant than they seem!

There flows the Ashop, yonder bounds the Wye,
And Derwent here towards princely Chatsworth trends;
But, while the Nough steals purple from the sky,
Lo! northward far, what giant's shadow bends?
A voice of torrents, hark! its wailing sends;
Who drives yon tortured cloud through stone-still air?
A rush! a roar! a wing! a whirlwind rends
The stooping larch! The moorlands cry, "Prepare!
It comes! ye gore-gorged foes of want and toil, beware!"

It comes! Behold! — Black Blakelow hoists on high
His signals to the blast from Gledhill's brow.

Them, slowly glooming on the lessening sky,
The bread-taxed exile sees (in speechless woe,
Wandering the melancholy main below,
Where round the shores of Man the dark surge heaves),
And while his children's tears in silence flow,
Thinks of sweet scenes to which his soul still cleaves,
That home on Etherow's side, which he forever leaves.

Now expectation listens, mute and pale,
While, ridged with sudden foam, the Derwent brawls;
Arrow-like comes the rain, like fire the hail;
And, hark! Mam-Tor on shuddering Stanage calls!
See what a frown o'er castled Winnat falls!
Down drops the death-black sky! and Kinderscout,
Conscious of glory, laughs at intervals;
Then lifts his helmet, throws his thunders out,
Bathes all the hills in flame, and hails their stormy shout.

Hark! how my Titan guards laugh kings to scorn!
See what a fiery circle girds my state!
Hail, mountains! River-Gatherers! Eldest born
Of Time and Nature, dreadful, dark, and great!
Whose tempests, winged from brows that threaten fate,
Cast shadows, blackened with intensest light,
Like the despair of angels fallen, that wait
On God's long-sleeping wrath, till, roofed with night,
The seas shall burn like oil, and Death be waked with fright.

* * * * *

Ebenezer Elliott.

Winslade.

SONNET

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE, IN HAMPSHIRE.

WINSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
Mantled, thy checkered views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
'Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,
Or evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train,
Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain:
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he far distant strays,
With whom I traced their sweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recall those happier days.

Thomas Warton.

Woodspring Abbey.

WOODSPRING ABBEY.

THREE mailed men in Canterbury Cathedral rushed on the Archbishop of Canterbury, and murdered him before the altar. Conscience-stricken, they fled and built Woodspring Abbey, in the remote corner of Somersetshire, near Weston-super-Mare, where the land looks on the Atlantic Sea. There are three unknown graves on the Flat Holms.

THESE walls were built by men who did a deed
Of blood; — terrific conscience day by day
Followed, where'er their shadow seemed to stay,
And still in thought they saw their victim bleed,
Before God's altar shrieking: pangs succeed,
As dire upon their heart the deep sin lay,
No tears of agony could wash away:
Hence! to the land's remotest limits speed!
These walls are raised in vain, as vainly flows
Contrition's tear: earth, hide them, and thou sea,
Which round the lone isle, where their bones repose,
Dost sound forever, their sad requiem be
In fancy's ear, at pensive evening's close
Still murmuring *Miserere Domine.*

William Lisle Bowles.

Woodstock.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each mans sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious queene,

At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong:

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread,
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
That was so faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

* * * * *

"My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye:
The fairest flower in all the worlde
To feed my fantasye:

"The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excelle:
My royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee nowe farwelle!

"For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase.

"But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortlye see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee."

* * * * *

And at their parting well they mighte
In heart be grieved sore:
After that daye faire Rosamonde
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone;
With envious heart, queene Ellinor,
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calls this trustye knighte,
In an unhappy houre;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

"Cast off from thee those robes," she said,
"That rich and costlye bee;

And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee."

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

"Take pitty on my youthfull yeares,"
Fair Rosamonde did crye;
"And lett mee not with poison stronge
Enforced bee to dye.

"I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the worlde soe wide.

"And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe."

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there;
And downe along her lovely face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee;
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle;
And drinking up the poison stronge,
Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe
Had showde its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, neare to Oxforde towne,
As may be seene this day.

Percy's Reliques.

ROSAMOND TO KING HENRY.

SOMETIMES, to pass the tedious irksome hours,
I climb the top of Woodstock's mounting tow'rs,
Where in a turret secretly I lie,
To view from far such as do travel by:
Whither, methinks, all cast their eyes at me,
As through the stones my shame did make them see;
And with such hate the harmless walls do view,
As ev'n to death their eyes would me pursue.
The married women curse my hateful life,

Wronging a fair queen and a virtuous wife:
The maidens wish I buried quick may die,
And from each place near my abode to flie.
Well knew'st thou what a monster I would be,
When thou didst build this labyrinth for me,
Whose strange meanders turning ev'ry way,
Be like the course wherein my youth did stray:
Only a clue doth guide me out and in,
But yet still walk I circular in sin.
As in the gallery this other day,
I and my woman past the time away,
'Mongst many pictures which were hanging by,
The silly girl at length hapt to espy
Chaste Lucrece' image, and desires to know
What she should be, herself that murder'd so?
Why, girl (quoth I), this is that Roman dame—
Not able then to tell the rest for shame,
My tongue doth mine own guiltiness betray;
With that I sent the prattling wench away,
Lest when my lisping guilty tongue should halt,
My lips might prove the index to my fault.
As that life-blood which from the heart is sent,
In beauty's field pitching his crimson tent,
In lovely sanguine sutes the lily cheek,
Whilst it but for a resting place doth seek;
And changing oftentimes with sweet delight,
Converts the white to red, the red to white:
The blush with paleness for the place doth strive,
The paleness thence the blush would gladly drive:
Thus in my breast a thousand thoughts I carry,
Which in my passion diversly do vary.

Michael Drayton.

ROSAMOND'S SONG.

FROM walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream conveyed,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,
Full of grief and full of love,
Impatient for my lord's return,
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn,
Was ever passion crossed like mine?
To rend my breast,
And break my rest,
A thousand thousand ills combine.
Absence wounds me,
Fear surrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,
Was ever passion crossed like mine?

How does my constant grief deface
The pleasures of this happy place!
In vain the spring my senses greets,
In all her colors, all her sweets;
To me the rose
No longer glows,
Every plant
Has lost his scent;
The vernal blooms of various hue,
The blossoms fresh with morning dew,

The breeze that sweeps these fragrant bowers,
Filled with the breath of opening flowers,
Purple scenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting
(Nature's softest, sweetest store),
Charm my tortured soul no more.
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die:
Why so slow! great Henry, why?
From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my arms,
Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly.

Joseph Addison.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VERSES WHILE PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK.

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER.

OH, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witness this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltles to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death hath well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A. D. MDLV. ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

Percy's Reliques.

WOODSTOCK.

FROM fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful glooms
(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes —
Begin, my Muse, and softly touch the string:
Here Henry loved; and Chaucer learned to sing.
Hail fabled grotto! hail Elysian soil!
Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle!
Where kings of old concealed forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to shine unknown;
Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,
And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome appear;
The wearied champion lull in soft alcoves,
The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.
Oft, if the Muse presage, shall he be seen
By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green,
In dreams be hailed by heroes' mighty shades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades:
O'er the famed echoing vaults his name shall bound,
And hill to hill reflect the favorite sound.

Thomas Tickell.

WOODSTOCK PARK.

His chamber was
Ful wel depainted, and with glas
Were al the windowes wel yglased,
Ful clere, and not a hole ycrased,
That to beholde it was grete joy;
For wholly al the storie of Troy
Was in the glaising ywrought thus;

Of Hector and kinge Priamus,
Achilles and kinge Lamedon,
And eke Medea and Jason,
Of Paris, Heleine and Lavine:
And al the walles with colours fine
Were painted, both the texte and glose,
And al the Romaunt of the Rose.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

WOODSTOCK PARK.

HERE, in a little rustic hermitage
Alfred the Saxon King, Alfred the Great,
Postponed the cares of kingship to translate
The Consolations of the Roman Sage.
Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe old age
Wrote the unrivalled Tales, which soon or late
The venturous hand that strives to imitate
Vanquished must fall on the unfinished page.
Two kings were they, who ruled by right divine
And both supreme; one in the realm of Truth,
One in the realm of Fiction and of Song.
What prince hereditary of their line,
Uprising in the strength and flush of youth
Their glory shall inherit and prolong?

Anonymous.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. Such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony informed
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt

For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him while his legends blithe
He sang of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life, through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger! thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies, yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero, who in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

Mark Akenside.

CHAUCER.

AN old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery mead.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

BLENHEIM.

WHEN Europe, freed, confessed the saving power
Of Marlborough's hand, Britain, who sent him forth
Chief of confederate hosts, to fight the cause
Of liberty and justice, grateful raised
This palace, sacred to her leader's fame;
A trophy of success; with spoils adorned
Of conquered towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auspicious field where Churchill's sword
Vanquished the might of Gallia, and chastised
Rebel Bavar. Majestic in its strength
Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

* * * * *

Now through the stately portals issuing forth,
The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempé, famed in song, or Ida's grove
Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderness once stood
The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
Sacred to grief and love: the crystal fount
In which she used to bathe her beauteous limbs
Still warbling flows, pleased to reflect the face
Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tired she sits
Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
Which only Rosamond could once excel.
But see where flowing with a nobler stream,
A limpid lake of purest waters rolls

Beneath the wide-stretched arch, stupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His spacious urn! Silent awhile and smooth
The current glides, till with an headlong force
Broke and disordered, down the steep it falls
In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam
Glitters relucent in the dancing ray.

In these retreats reposed the mighty soul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
Triumphal ever in his mind renewed
The memory of his fame, and soothed his thoughts
With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
So by the rage of faction, home recalled,
Lucullus, while he waged successful war
Against the pride of Asia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
No losses could subdue, enriched with spoils
Of conquered nations, back returned to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement past
The evening of his life.

* * * * *

Lo! where towering on the height
Of yon aerial pillar proudly stands
Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,
And awes the subject plain: beneath his feet
The German eagles spread their wings, his hand
Grasps Victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul

Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
A refuge from thy sword.

* * * * *

Nor shall the constant love
Of her who raised this monument be lost
In dark oblivion: that shall be the theme
Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
Inspired with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
First tuned the British harp, and little deemed
His humble dwelling should the neighbor be
Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching shall not pass
His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With reverence due. Such honor does the Muse
Obtain her favorites.

Anonymous.

VERSES ON BLENHEIM.

"A LION tearing a cock to pieces was placed in front of Blenheim House; a wretched pun in architecture, deservedly criticised in the Spectator." — SCOTT.

SEE, here 's the grand approach,
That way is for his grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and there the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock;
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mind how wide the hall is made;
The chimneys are so well designed,
They never smoke in any wind:
The galleries contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;

The council-chamber to debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.
"Thanks, sir," cried I, "'t is very fine,
But where d' ye sleep, or where d' ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 't is a house, but not a dwelling."

Jonathan Swift.

INSCRIPTION OVER A SPRING IN BLENHEIM GARDENS.

HERE quench your thirst, and mark in me
An emblem of true charity,
Who, while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

Thomas Warton.

Wootton.

SONNET

WRITTEN AT WOOTTON, KENT.

YE scenes, my melancholy soul that fill!
Where nature's voice no crowds tumultuous drown,
And but through breaks of trees, the lawns that crown
The paths of men are seen; and farther still
Scarce peeps the city spire o'er many a hill;
Your green retreats, lone walks, and shadows brown,
While sheep feed round beneath the branches' frown,

Shall calm my mind and holy thoughts instil.
What though with passion oft my trembling frame
Each real and each fancied wrong inflame,
Wandering alone I here my thoughts reclaim:
Resentment sinks; disgust within me dies;
And charity and meek forgiveness rise,
And melt my soul, and overflow my eyes.

Sir Edgerton Brydges.

Worcester.

MISERRIMUS.

A GRAVESTONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE CLOISTERS OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

"MISERRIMUS!" and neither name nor date,
Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone;
Naught but that word assigned to the unknown,
That solitary word, — to separate
From all, and cast a cloud around the fate
Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched one,
Who chose his epitaph? — Himself alone
Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,
And claim among the dead this awful crown;
Nor doubt that he marked also for his own
Close to these cloistral steps a burial-place,
That every foot might fall with heavier tread,
Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass
Softly! — To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

William Wordsworth.

Workington.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT, WORKINGTON.

DEAR to the Loves and to the Graces vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;
And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed!
And like a star (that, from a heavy cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled; but Time, the old Saturnian seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
With step prelusive to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand, —
Weeping captivity and shuddering fear
Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay!

William Wordsworth.

Worthing.

A FIRST VIEW OF THE SEA.

ARE these the famed, the brave South Downs,
That like a chain of pearls appear;
Their pale-green sides and graceful crowns?
To freedom, thought, and peace, how dear!

To freedom, for no fence is seen;
  To thought, for silence soothes the way;
To peace, for o'er the boundless green
  Unnumbered flocks and shepherds stray.

Now, now we 've gained the utmost height:
  Where shall we match the vale below?
The Weald of Sussex, glorious sight,
  Old Chankbury, from the tufted brow.
And here old Sissa, so they tell,
  The Saxon monarch, closed his days;
I judge they played their parts right well,
  But cannot stop to sing their praise.

For yonder, near the ocean's brim,
  I see, I taste, the coming joy;
There Mary binds the withered limb, —
  The mother tends the poor lame boy.
My heart is there — Sleep, Romans, sleep;
  And what are Saxon kings to me?
Let me, O thou majestic Deep,
  Let me descend to love and thee.

And may thy calm, fair-flowing tide
  Bring Peace and Hope, and bid them live;
And Night, whilst wandering by thy side,
  Teach wisdom, — teach me to forgive.
Then, when my heart is whole again,
  And Fancy's renovated wing
Sweeps o'er the terrors of thy reign,
  Strong on my soul those terrors bring.

Oaks, British oaks, form all its shade,
  Dark as a forest's ample crown;
Yet by rich herds how cheerful made,
  And countless spots of harvest brown!
But what 's yon southward dark-blue line,
  Along the horizon's utmost bound,
On which the weary clouds recline,
  Still varying half the circle round?

The sea! the sea! my God! the sea!
  Yon sunbeams on its bosom play!
With milk-white sails expanded free
  There ploughs the bark her cheerful way!
I come, I come, my heart beats high;
  The greensward stretches southward still;
Soft in the breeze the heath-bells sigh;
  Up, up, we scale another hill!

A spot where once the eagle towered
  O'er Albion's green primeval charms,
And where the harmless wild-thyme flowered
  Did Rome's proud legions pile their arms.
In Infant's haunts I 've dreamed of thee,
  And where the crystal brook ran by
Marked sands and waves and open sea,
  And gazed, but with an infant's eye.

'T was joy to pass the stormy hour
  In groves, when childhood knew no more;
Increase that joy, tremendous power,
  Loud let thy world of waters roar.

And if the scene reflection drowns,
Or draws too strongly rapture's tear,
I 'll change it for these lovely Downs,
This calm smooth turf, and worship here!

Robert Bloomfield.

Wye, the River.

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR.

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild, secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees!

With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration; — feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened, — that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet with the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, O, how oft
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart, —
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again;
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me

An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, — both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend! and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. O, yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 't is her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee; and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place

For all sweet sounds and harmonies, O, then,
If solitude or fear or pain or grief
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, — O, with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

William Wordsworth.

TO THE RIVER WYE.

IF, gentle stream, by promised sacrifice
Of kid or yearling, or by scattered flowers
Of votive roses culled from thy thick bowers,
Or golden cistus, we could thee entice
To be propitious to our love, no price
Should save these errant flocks; each nook but ours
Should shed its eglantine in twinkling showers,
For tribute from thy wooded paradise.
But not thy flocks, nor brier-roses hung

In natural garlands down thy rocky hills,
Shall win thee to be ours; more precious far
Than summer blossoms or rich offerings are,
We bring thee sweet poetic descants, sung
To the wild music of thy tinkling rills.

Henry Alford.

Wytham, the River.

THE WYTHAM.

"FROM Wytham, mine own town, first watered with my source,
As to the Eastern sea I hasten on my course,
Who sees so pleasant plains, or is of fairer seen,
Whose swains in shepherds' gray, and girls in Lincoln green?
Whilst some the rings of bells, and some the bagpipes ply,
Dance many a merry round, and many a hydegy.
I envy any brook should in my pleasure share,
Yet for my dainty pikes I am without compare.
No land floods can me force to over-proud a height;
Nor am I in my course too crooked or too streight:
My depths fall by descents, too long, nor yet too broad;
My fords with pebbles clear as orient pearls are strowed;
My gentle winding banks with sundry flowers are dressed,
The higher rising heaths hold distance with my breast."

Thus to her proper song the burthen still she bare:
"Yet for my dainty pikes I am without compare."

By this to Lincoln come, upon whose lofty scite,
Whilst wistly Wytham looks with wonderful delight
Enamoured of the state and beauty of the place,
That her of all the rest especially doth grace,
Leaving her former course, in which she first set forth,
Which seemed to have been directly to the north,
She runs her silver front into the muddy fen,
Which lies into the east, in her deep journey, when
Clear Ban, a pretty brook, from Lindsey coming down,
Delicious Wytham leads to holy Botulph's town,
Where proudly she puts in amongst the great resort,
That their appearance make in Neptune's watery court.

Michael Drayton.

Wymeswold.

WYMESWOLD, APRIL, 1837.

I.

DEAR streamlet, tripping down thy devious course,
Or lulled in smoothest pools of sombre hue,
Or breaking over stones with murmurs hoarse,
To thee one grateful strain is surely due
From me, the poet of thy native wolds,
Now that the sky is golden in the west,
And distant flocks are bleating from their folds,

And the pale eve-star lifts her sparkling crest.
Would it were thus with thee, when summer suns
Shed their strong heats, and over field and hill
Swims the faint air, and all the cattle shuns
The brighter slopes; but then thy scanty rill
Has dwindled to a thread, and, creeping through
The tangled herbage, shelters from the view.

II.

Nor is a thankful strain from me not due
To you, ye company of cherished flowers,
That look upon, throughout the weary hours,
My study and my prison; for from you
I learn that Nature to her charge is true;
That she, who clothes with bloom your lavish bowers
In kindlier climates, can, in skies like ours,
Paint your soft petals with their native hue.
And thence I learn that this poetic soul,
That fain would revel in the warmth and light
Of heavenly beauty, yet in strict control
Dwelling, and chilly realms of damp and blight,
Must not the more its proper task forego;
But in the dreariest clime its blossoms show.

Henry Alford.

Yardley.

THE YARDLEY OAK.

SURVIVOR sole, and hardly such, of all
That once lived here, thy brethren, at my birth,
(Since which I number threescore winters past,)
A shattered veteran, hollow-trunked perhaps,
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,
Relics of ages! Could a mind, imbued
With truth from Heaven, created thing adore,
I might with reverence kneel, and worship thee.

It seems idolatry with some excuse,
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity. The conscience, yet
Unpurified by an authentic act
Of amnesty, the meed of blood divine,
Loved not the light, but, gloomy, into gloom
Of thickest shades, like Adam after taste
Of fruit proscribed, as to a refuge, fled.

Thou wast a bawble once; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloined
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains

Beneath thy parent tree mellowed the soil
Designed thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

So Fancy dreams. Disprove it, if ye can,
Ye reasoners broad awake, whose busy search
Of argument, employed too oft amiss,
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away!

Thou fell'st mature; and in the loamy clod
Swelling with vegetative force instinct
Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,
Now stars; two lobes, protruding, paired exact;
A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,
And, all the elements thy puny growth
Fostering propitious, thou becam'st a twig.

Who lived, when thou wast such? O, couldst thou speak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
Oracular, I would not curious ask
The future, best unknown, but at thy mouth
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.

By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
The clock of history, facts and events
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts
Recovering, and misstated setting right, —
Desperate attempt, till trees shall speak again!

Time made thee what thou wast, king of the wood;
And Time hath made thee what thou art, a cave
For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign; and the numerous flocks
That grazed it stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrowded, yet safe-sheltered from the storm.
No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outlived
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth.

While thus through all the stages thou hast pushed
Of treeship, — first a seedling, hid in grass;
Then twig; then sapling; and, as century rolled
Slow after century, a giant bulk
Of girth enormous, with moss-cushioned root
Upheaved above the soil, and sides embossed
With prominent wens globose, — till at the last
The rottenness which time is charged to inflict
On other mighty ones found also thee.

* * * * *

Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
Slow, into such magnificent decay.
Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root, — and time has been
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,
That might have ribbed the sides and planked the deck

Of some flagged admiral; and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
To the four-quartered winds, robust and bold,
Warped into tough knee-timber, many a load!
But the axe spared thee. In those thriftier days
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
The bottomless demands of contest, waged
For senatorial honors. Thus to Time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserved,
Achieved a labor which had far and wide,
By man performed, made all the forest ring.

Embowelled now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing naught but the scooped rind, that seems
An huge throat, calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root,
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st
The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs,
Which, crooked into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.

So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulverized of venality, a shell
Stands now, and semblance only of itself!

Thine arms have left thee. Winds have rent them off
Long since, and rovers of the forest wild,
With bow and shaft, have burnt them. Some have left
A splintered stump, bleached to a snowy white;
And some, memorial none where once they grew.
Yet life still lingers in thee, and puts forth
Proof not contemptible of what she can,
Even where death predominates. The spring
Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force,
Than yonder upstarts of the neighboring wood,
So much thy juniors, who their birth received
Half a millennium since the date of thine.

But since, although well qualified by age
To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice
May be expected from thee, seated here
On thy distorted root, with hearers none,
Or prompter, save the scene, I will perform,
Myself the oracle, and will discourse
In my own ear such matter as I may.

One man alone, the father of us all,
Drew not his life from woman; never gazed,
With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,
On all around him; learned not by degrees,
Nor owed articulation to his ear;
But, moulded by his Maker into man
At once, upstood intelligent, surveyed
All creatures, with precision understood
Their purport, uses, properties, assigned
To each his name significant, and, filled

With love and wisdom, rendered back to Heaven
In praise harmonious the first air he drew.
He was excused the penalties of dull
Minority. No tutor charged his hand
With the thought-tracing quill, or tasked his mind
With problems. History, not wanted yet,
Leaned on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,
Eventful, should supply her with a theme.

William Cowper.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A DRAWING OF YARDLEY OAK.

THIS sole survivor of a race
Of giant oaks, where once the wood
Rang with the battle or the chase,
In stern and lonely grandeur stood.

From age to age it slowly spread
Its gradual boughs to sun and wind;
From age to age its noble head
As slowly withered and declined.

A thousand years are like a day,
When fled; no longer known than seen:
This tree was doomed to pass away,
And be as if it ne'er had been;

But mournful Cowper, wandering nigh,
For rest beneath its shadow came,
When, lo! the voice of days gone by
Ascended from its hollow frame.

O that the poet had revealed
The words of those prophetic strains,
Ere death the eternal mystery sealed!
Yet in his song the oak remains.

And, fresh in undecaying prime,
There may it live, beyond the power
Of storm and earthquake, man and time,
Till nature's conflagration-hour.

James Montgomery.

Yarmouth.

NELSON'S PILLAR.

THERE is a gloomy splendor in the sun,
That levels his last beam along the shore;
The clouds are rolling downwards stern and dun;
The long, slow wave is streaked with red, like gore
On some vast field of battle; and the roar
Of wave and wind comes like the battle's sound.
From the sea's verge a column seems to soar,
A shaft of silver, on whose summit, wound
With golden beams, sits Britain's Image, throned and crowned!

And now the sun sinks deeper; and the clouds,
In folds of purple fire, still heavier lower;
Till sudden storm the shore and ocean shrouds.
But o'er the darkness glows that stately tower,

A giant height, on which the sunbeams shower
Their undiminished glories. Nelson's name
Is on the column. Thus the battle's hour
But showed the splendor of his spirit's flame,
Thus in earth's final light shall blaze the hero's fame.

George Croly.

York.

YORK MINSTER.

YORK Minster! what a monument is this
Out of one meek and simple life uprist!
Within these walls what sceptic but needs kiss
Thy garment's hem, O Christ!

For not on fable, but immortal fact,
Could anything so real be upreared, —
Thy every thought enshrined, thy every act
Re-acted and endeared.

It were enough to glorify thy name,
This one great monument, this single one;
But only think how many such proclaim
God's best-beloved Son!

The domed cities, and the steepled towns,
The village spires that gleam at morn and even,
The belfry on the bleak unpeopled downs,
Lone hearts, to worship given.

Lord Christ! methinks they challenge and reprove
The warrior's pillar and the sage's shrine,
And bid thy weaker brothers look above
To something more divine.

Robert Leighton.

IN YORK.

ADRIFT in the sunlight the autumn wind mourns
Through the ripe orchards' rosy, luxuriant bending;
Let us go past the hedges of blackberry-thorns
With wild roses blending, —

Across the arched bridges where softly below
The pale river moves with a murmurous flowing
'Twixt shadowy banks where the long rushes grow
And sweet winds are blowing;

Along the close streets of the city so quaint,
So divinely o'erbrimmed with the sound of the swinging
Of bells in brown towers, whose musical plaint
Around us is ringing.

* * * * *

Then on to the square, — here erect in the shade
The solemn cathedral stands up like a warning,
And calls with its wonderful voice from the dead
At evening and morning.

The broad, vaulted aisles are so still we can hear
The silences bend through the loneliness listening
To the eloquent brasses that burn at our feet
With holy signs glistening.

The church is so dark that the sun looking in
Among the stained windows to list to the praying,
Seeing only the motionless worshippers lean
To inaudible saying,

Falls tremblingly over each monument stone,
And moves like a dream o'er the meek, saintly faces,
With halos above them that softly look down
From their sanctified places.

Here ranged side by side, disdaining the tomb,
Buckled spurs and girt armor so stern and so steady
Lies many a knight in the darkness and gloom,
And many a lady.

O treacherous eyes, through their stony lids pressed
Perchance they can see where mutely we 're wandering;
It may be they 're weary of stillness and rest,
Of their ages of pondering!

So close to each other, so white and so grand,
Who knows how they 're musing, these grave, quiet lovers,
When the old city sleeps and they lie hand in hand
And the night darkness covers!

I dream of their loves and their lives as I kneel
Alone on the steps leading up to the choir, —
Of their lives of sweet patience and turbulent zeal,
Of their loves mounted higher.

I kneel with my face 'gainst the huge grated door
Behind which the pulpit leans carved with devices

Of devils that tempt, of saints that implore
From the sin that entices.

I kneel with a prayer on my lips for the dead
Whose hands stretching upward are folded for praying,—
For the dead whose cold limbs are so heavily clad
In colder arraying,—

For the dead who still cling to the beads and the Book,
To the crucifix pale, blessed sign of salvation!
For the dead who look into my heart, till the look
Burns with life's inspiration.

But hark, how the silence is drifting away!
And curious people impatient are coming
All alive from the sparkle and sunlight of day
To death's mystical gloaming.

O'er the exquisite voices of dreams each by each
They move through the church with a noisy delaying.
Let us go, nor disturb with vain, mortal speech
What the dead have been saying.

Cora Kennedy Aitken.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO AN OLD ENGLISH VILLAGE.

WHAT unto thee are cities vast,
Small village here among these elms?
The care that eats, the show that cheats,
The noise that overwhelms?

Few sounds are thine, and clearly heard, —
The whimple of the brook,
The woodman's axe that distant sounds,
Dogs' bay, or cawing rook.

How filled with quiet are these fields!
Far off is heard the peasant's tread.
How clothed with peace is human life!
How tranquil seem the dead!

Here Time and Nature are at strife, —
The only strife that here is seen;
Whate'er decay has tinged with gray,
Has nature touched with green.

The market cross o'ergrown with moss,
All quaintly carved, still lingers on,
And dreams, even in this hoary place,
Of ages longer gone.

The Maypole, hung with garlands sere,
Thou fondly dost retain as yet,
All good old pastimes of the land
Unwilling to forget.

The Gothic church, the manor hall,
And cottages low roofed with stone,
With waving grass and lichens all
Are grayly overgrown.

Haunt for the meditative mind!
Some hermit long hath near thee dwelt,
And breathed his soul forth on the air
In quiet that is felt.

I round me look some monk to see,
Some stately old monastic fane;
Nor should I start, were I to meet
The Norman or the Dane.

Here, as to all the world unknown,
A sage seclusion dost thou keep;
And here Antiquity enjoys
A deep and mossy sleep.

Across the moors far I have sped,
Intent upon a glowing theme;

And here the first time round me look
  Awake, as in a dream.

Thy name I know not, nor would know;
  No common name would I be told:
Yet often shall I see thee now,
  Thou village quaint and old.

Richard Howitt.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light
  Shoots through the yellow pane;
It makes the faded crimson bright,
  And gilds the fringe again:
The window's Gothic frame-work falls
In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new
  How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
  Has come and passed away!
How many a setting sun hath made
  That curious lattice-work of shade!

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
  The cunning hand must be,
That carved this fretted door, I ween,
  Acorn, and fleur-de-lis;
And now the worm hath done her part
  In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call),
When the first James was king,
The courtly knight from yonder hall
Hither his train did bring;
All seated round in order due,
With broidered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt;
Prayer-books, with brazen hasp and hinge,
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command,

Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam, long and lone,
Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription stone;
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together, are expressed
He and my lady fair;
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer;
Long visaged, clad in armor, he, —
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order ere they died,
The numerous offspring bend;
Devoutly kneeling side by side,

As though they did intend
For past omissions to atone,
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Have filled the stately pew,
And in the same succession go,
To occupy the vault below.

And now the polished, modern squire,
And his gay train appear,
Who duly to the hall retire,
A season, every year,
And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 't was so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead,
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn, receive, to silent rest,
Another and another guest, —

The feathered hearse and sable train,
In all its wonted state,
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stand before the gate;
Brought many a distant county through,
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away,
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gayly o'er their heads;
While other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the squire's pew.

Jane Taylor.

THE DARK WAGON.

THE Water-Wraith shrieked over Clyde,
The winds through high Dumbarton sighed,
When to the trumpet's call replied
The deep drum from the square;
And in the midnight's misty shade,
With helm, and cloak, and glancing blade,
Two hundred horsemen stood arrayed
Beneath the torch's glare.

Around a huge sepulchral van
They took their station, horse and man.
The outer gateway's bolts withdrawn,
In haste the drawbridge fell;
And out, with iron clatter, went
That sullen midnight armament,
Alone the leader knew where bent,
With what — he might not tell.

Into the darkness they are gone:
The blinded wagon thundered on,
And, save of hoof-tramp, sound was none:

Hurriedly on they scour
The eastward track — away — away;
To none they speak, brook no delay,
Till farm-cocks heralded the day,
And hour had followed hour.

Behind them, mingling with the skies,
Westward the smoke of Glasgow dies. —
The pastoral hills of Campsie rise
Northward in morning's air, —
By Kirkintilloc, Cumbernold,
And Castlecary, on they hold,
Till Lythgo shows, in mirrored gold,
Its palaced loch so fair.

Brief baiting-time; — the bugle sounds,
Onwards the ponderous van rebounds
Mid the grim squadron, which surrounds
Its path with spur and spear.
Thy shrine, Dumanie, fades on sight,
And, seen from Niddreff's hazelly height,
The Forth, amid its islands bright,
Shimmers with lustre clear.

The Maiden Castle next surveyed,
Across the furzy hills of Braid,
By Craig-Milor, through Wymet's glade
To Inneresc they wound;
Then o'er the Garlton crags afar,
Where, oft a check to England's war,
Cospatrick's stronghold of Dunbar
In proud defiance frowned.

* * * * *

The password given, o'er bridge of Tweed
The cavalcade, with slackened speed,
Rolled on, like one from nightmare freed,
That draws an easier breath;
But o'er and round it hung the gloom
As of some dark, mysterious doom, —
Shadows cast forward from the tomb,
And auguries of death.

Scotland receded from the view,
And, on the far horizon blue,
Faded her last, dear hills, — the mew
Screamed to its sea-isle near.
As day-beams ceased the west to flout,
Each after each the stars came out,
Like camp-fires heaven's high hosts about,
With lustre calm and clear.

And on, through many a Saxon town
Northumbrian, and of quaint renown,
Before the morning star went down,
With thunderous reel they hied;
While from the lattices aloof,
Of many an angled, gray-stone roof,
Rose sudden heads, as sound of hoof
And wheel to southward died.

Like Hope's voice preaching to Despair,
Sweetly the chimes for matin prayer
Melted upon the dewy air

From Hexham's holy pile;
But, like the adder deaf, no sound,
Or stern or sweet, an echo found
Mid that dark squadron, as it wound
Still onward, mile on mile.

* * * * *

Bright are thy shadowy forest-bowers,
Fair Ashby-de-la-Zouche! with flowers;
The wild-deer in its covert cowers,
And, from its pine-tree old,
The startled cushat, in unrest,
Circles around its airy nest,
As forward, on its route unblest,
Aye on that wagon rolled.

And many a grove-encircled town,
And many a keep of old renown,
That grimly watched o'er dale and down,
They passed unheeding by;
Prone from the rocks the waters streamed,
And, mid the yellow harvests, gleamed
The reapers' sickles, but all seemed
Mere pictures to the eye.

* * * * *

Hundreds and hamlets far from sight,
By lonely granges through the night
They camped; and, ere the morning light
Crimsoned the orient, they,
By royal road or baron's park,
Waking the watchful ban-dog's bark,

Before the first song of the lark,
Were on their southward way.

By Althorpe, and by Oxendon,
Without a halt they hurried on,
Nor paused by that fair cross of stone.
Now for the first time seen,
(For death's dark billows overwhelm
Both jewelled braid and knightly helm!)
Raised, by the monarch of the realm,
To Eleanor his queen.

Five times through darkness and through day,
Since crossing Tweed, with fresh relay
Ever in wait, their forward way
That cavalcade had held;
Now joy! for on the weary wights
Loomed London from the Hampstead heights,
As, by the opal morning, night's
Thin vapors were dispelled.

With spur on heel and spear in rest,
And bucklered arm and trellised breast,
Closer around their charge they pressed, —
On whirled, with livelier roll,
The wheels begirt with prancing feet,
And arms, a serried mass complete,
Until, by many a stately street,
They reached their destined goal.

Grim Westminster! thy pile severe
Struck to the heart like sudden fear;

"Hope flies from all that enter here!"
Seemed graven on its crest.
The moat o'erpassed, at warn of bell,
Down thundering the portcullis fell,
And clanged the studded gates, — a knell
Despairing and unblest.

Ye guardian angels! that fulfil
Heaven's high decrees, and work its will, —
Ye thunderbolts! launched forth to kill, —
Where was it then ye slept,
When, foe-bemocked, in prison square,
To death foredoomed, with dauntless air,
From out that van, a shackled man,
Sir William Wallace stept!

David Macbeth Moir.

THE BALLAD OF ELEANORE.

We need hardly remind our readers of the Crosses erected by King Edward I. wherever his wife's corpse stopped on its way to interment at Westminster.

O, FAIRER than vermilion
Shed upon western skies
Was the blush of that sweet Castilian
Girl, with the deep brown eyes,
As her happy heart grew firmer,
In the strange bright days of yore,
When she heard young Edward murmur,
"I love thee, Eleänore!"

Sweeter than musical cadence
Of the wind mid cedar and lime
Is love to a timorous maiden's
Heart, in the fresh spring-time;
Sweeter than waves that mutter
And break on a sinuous shore,
Are the songs her fancies utter
To brown-eyed Eleänore.

They twain went forth together
Away o'er the Midland Main,
Through the golden summer weather
To Syria's mystic plain.
Together, toil and danger
And the death of their loved ones bore,
And perils from Paynim, stranger
Than death to Eleänore.

Where Lincoln's towers of wonder
Soar high o'er the vale of Trent,
Their lives were torn asunder;
To her home the good Queen went.
Her corse to the tomb he carried,
With grief at his heart's stern core;
And where'er at night they tarried
Rose a cross to Eleänore.

As ye trace a meteor's onset
By a line of silver rain,
As ye trace a regal sunset
By streaks of a saffron stain,

So to the minster holy
  At the west of London's roar
May ye mark how, sadly, slowly,
  Passed the corse of Eleänore.

Back to where lances quiver, —
  Straight back, by tower and town,
By hill and wold and river, —
  For the love of Scotland's crown.
But ah! there is woe within him
  For the face he shall see no more;
And conquest cannot win him
  From the love of Eleänore.

Years after, sternly dying
  In his tent by the Solway sea,
With the breezes of Scotland flying
  O'er the wild sands, wide and free,
His dim thoughts sadly wander
  To the happy days of yore,
And he sees, in the gray sky yonder,
  The eyes of his Eleänore.

Time must destroy those crosses
  Raised by the Poet-King;
But as long as the blue sea tosses,
  As long as the skylarks sing,
As long as London's river
  Glides stately down to the Nore,
Men shall remember ever
  How he loved Queen Eleänore.

Mortimer Collins.

WALES.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE WELSH BARDS.

THISE olde gentil Bretons in hir dayes
Of diverse aventures maden layes,
Rimeyed in hir firste Breton tonge;
Which layes with hir instruments they songe,
Or elles redden hem for hir plesance.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

THE CIRCUIT THROUGH POWYS.

At this early period the king was compelled to visit his subjects in various parts of his dominions to receive his revenue at stated periods, and also to hold his court. Owain has finely described his circuit, and named, one by one, the various places he was in the habit of visiting.

TO share the festal joy and song,
Owain's train we move along;
Every passion now at rest
That clouds the brow or rends the breast;
But oppression's foes the same,
Quick to kindle into flame,

Setting off from Mostyn, say
Whither shall we bend our way?

Quick despatch thee, boy; take heed
That thou slack not of thy speed,
Or with idle gossip greet
The loiterer thou mayst chance to meet,
Onward push, and look not back;
Let naught divert thee from thy track.
To Keri hie thee, lad, and say,
Thither will we bend our way.

Keri greeted, onward haste,
Thy time will not admit of waste,
With no vulgar message sent,
On thy duty be intent:
Dread our anger to excite,
Lest our vengeance on thee light.
Then announce that in our rounds
We visit next Arwystli's bounds.

Thy errand told, stay not long,
Herald of a princely throng:
But onward still thy steps pursue,
Ceredig's confines in thy view,
Thither with speed increasing go,
Swift as arrow from a bow:
And to Penwedig tidings bear,
Of our approach and visit there.

Hence without delaying, boy,
To toil familiar by employ;

Scorn fatigue, and unsubdued
Be thy painful march renewed;
Then with shout as hunter's loud,
Publish this our message proud:
That Meirion's mountains shall detain
The course of our convivial train.

Quick proceed, the mountain crost,
That not a moment may be lost;
Fast by the margins of the deep,
Where storms eternal uproar keep.
The road to shorten mend thy pace,
Be thy speed contracting space;
And faithful to thy message, say
We take Ardudwy in our way.

No delaying, boy, push on,
Ardudwy visited, be gone,
Haste the region to survey
Which Mervyn gloried erst to sway,
To Nevyn go, inquire for Nest,
And lodging there become her guest,
By which untold it may be seen,
That we are on our road to Lleyn.

Messenger, set off again,
Forerunner of our gallant train,
Hurry at our chief's command,
Prince of liberal heart and hand:
And as through Arvon winds thy way
Armed knight, we charge thee stay,

That having journeyed many a mile,
We mean to visit Mona's isle.

We are Owain's princely host,
Spoils of foes the wealth we boast,
Tyrant Lloegyr overthrown
Gives us title to renown,
Then our toilsome marches o'er
Can we want an opening door?
Shall we not find in Rhos a bed
Whereon to lay the weary head?

Thy prince commands thee to depart,
(Except the mistress of his heart
Haply thou shouldst chance to meet,)
With strictest orders none to greet;
But quickly mount the fleetest steed,
Not confiding to thy speed;
To Llanerch tidings to convey
That we shall stop there on our way.

Off again, that region face,
Nurse of a renowned race,
Who, for many a gallant deed,
Deserve the horn, the hero's meed;
Thither haste with our commands,
Quitting Tyno Bedwal's lands,
And say we purpose to regale,
And taste of social joys at Iâl.

But tarry not, no respite take,
This witching region quick forsake,
Howe'er her sons, to charm thy stay,

May throw temptation in thy way;
We forbid thy lingering there
Beyond the opening of the year,
To Maelor then thy steps direct,
That she our coming may expect.

This performed, yet loiter not,
Be thy very food forgot:
Every hindrance put away,
All that can create delay.
To stop at Maelor 's not allowed,
For further still extends thy road;
To visit Kynllaith we propose,
Then haste the message to disclose.

Thy progress then, with counsel due,
And forms that suit our rank pursue,
Worthy of our commission prove,
For not like petty tribes we move;
Prompt to discharge the duty go,
And borrow fleetness from the roe,
That Mechain in her turn may hear
Of our intended visit there.

What though our prince, with prosperous rounds,
Has measured Cambria's lovely bounds,
Though conquered realms enrich our train,
Heaven's kingdom yet is ours to gain,
Which to possess may we aspire,
Faith lending pinions to desire;
Where we, our earthly journeys past,
May find eternal rest at last.

Owain Gwynedd. Tr. R. Fenton.

TALIESIN'S PROPHECY.

A PROPHECY of Taliesin relating to the ancient Britons is still extant, and has been strikingly verified. It is to the following effect: —

> "Their God they shall worship,
> Their language they shall retain,
> Their land they shall lose,
> Except wild Wales."

A VOICE from time departed yet floats thy hills among,
O Cambria! thus thy prophet bard, thy Taliesin, sung:
"The path of unborn ages is traced upon my soul,
The clouds which mantle things unseen away before me roll,
A light the depths revealing hath o'er my spirit passed,
A rushing sound from days to be swells fitful in the blast,
And tells me that forever shall live the lofty tongue
To which the harp of Mona's woods by freedom's hand was strung.

"Green island of the mighty! I see thine ancient race
Driven from their fathers' realm to make the rocks their dwelling-place!
I see from Uthyr's kingdom the sceptre pass away,
And many a line of bards and chiefs and princely men decay.
But long as Arvon's mountains shall lift their sovereign forms,
And wear the crown to which is given dominion o'er the storms,

So long, their empire sharing, shall live the lofty tongue
To which the harp of Mona's woods by freedom's hand
was strung!"

Felicia Hemans.

THE HIRLAS HORN.

"THIS instrument was sometimes called Corn Hirlas, Corn Cyweithas, and Corn Cychwin; names which signify the long blue horn, the horn of the household, and the marching horn. It was made, and received its general appellation, from the horn of the buffalo, bugle, or wild ox, an animal formerly common in Wales. In the time of King Howel it was the office of the master of the royal hounds to sound his bugle-horn, in war, for a march, and to give the alarm and signal of battle. He likewise used it in hunting, to animate the hunters and the dogs, and to call the latter together. . . . . There were three bugle-horns belonging to the King: his drinking-horn, the horn for calling together the household, and the horn of the master of the hounds." — JONES's *Relicks of the Welsh Bards.*

UPROSE the ruddy dawn of day;
The armies met in dread array
On Maelor Drefred's field:
Loud the British clarions sound,
The Saxons, gasping on the ground,
The bloody contest yield.

By Owen's arm the valiant bled;
From Owen's arm the coward fled
Aghast with wild affright:
Let then their haughty lords beware
How Owen's just revenge they dare,
And tremble at his sight.

Fill the Hirlas Horn, my boy,
Nor let the tuneful lips be dry

That warble Owen's praise;
Those walls with warlike spoils are hung,
And open wide his gates are flung
In Cambria's peaceful days.

This hour we dedicate to joy;
Then fill the Hirlas Horn, my boy,
That shineth like the sea;
Whose azure handle, tipped with gold,
Invites the grasp of Britons bold,
The sons of liberty.

Fill it higher still, and higher,
Mead with noblest deeds inspire.
Now the battle's lost and won,
Give the horn to Gronwy's son;
Put it into Gwgan's hand,
Bulwark of his native land,
Guardian of Sabrina's flood,
Who oft has dyed his spear in blood.
When they hear their chieftain's voice,
Then his gallant friends rejoice;
But when to fight he goes, no more
The festal shout resounds on Severn's winding shore.

Fill the gold-tipped horn with speed
(We must drink, it is decreed).
Badge of honor, badge of mirth,
That calls the soul of music forth!
As thou wilt thy life prolong,
Fill it with Metheglin strong.

Gruffudd thirsts, to Gruffudd fill;
Whose bloody lance is used to kill;
Matchless in the field of strife,
His glory ends not with his life:
Dragon-son of Cynvyn's race,
Owen's shield, Arwystli's grace,
To purchase fame the warriors flew,
Dire, and more dire, the conflict grew;
When flushed with mead they bravely fought,
Like Belyn's warlike sons, that Edwin's downfall wrought.

Fill the horn with foaming liquor,
Fill it up, my boy, be quicker;
Hence away, despair and sorrow!
Time enough to sigh to-morrow.
Let the brimming goblet smile,
And Ednyfed's care beguile;
Gallant youth, unused to fear,
Master of the broken spear,
And the arrow-pierced shield,
Brought with honor from the field.
Like an hurricane is he,
Bursting on the troubled sea.
See their spears distained with gore!
Hear the din of battle roar.
Bucklers, swords, together clashing,
Sparkles from their helmets flashing!
Hear ye not their loud alarms?
Hark! they shout, — to arms! to arms!
Thus were Garthen's plains defended,

Maelor fight began and ended.
There two princes fought, and there
Was Morach Vorvran's feast exchanged for rout and fear.

Fill the horn: 't is my delight,
When my friends return from fight,
Champions of their country's glory,
To record each gallant story.
To Ynyr's comely offsprings fill,
Foremost in the battle still;
Two blooming youths, in counsel sage,
As heroes of maturer age;
In peace and war alike renowned;
Be their brows with garlands crowned,
Decked with glory let them shine,
The ornament and pride of Ynyr's ancient line!

To Selyf fill, of Eagle-heart,
Skilled to hurl the fatal dart:
With the Wolf's impetuous force
He urgeth on his headlong course.
To Tudor next, great Madoc's son,
They the race of honor run
Together in the tented field,
And both alike disdain to yield.
Like a lion in the fray,
Tudor darts upon his prey.

Rivals in the feats of war,
Where danger called they rushed from far;
Till shattered by some hostile stroke,

With horrid clang their shields were broke;
Loud as the foaming billows roar,
Or fierce contending winds on Talgath's stormy shore.

Fill the horn with rosy wine,
Brave Moreiddig claims it now,
Chieftain of an ancient line,
Dauntless heart, and open brow.
To the warrior it belongs,
Prince of battles, theme of songs!
Pride of Powys, Mochnant's boast!
Guardian of his native coast!—
But ah! his short-lived triumph 's o'er,
Brave Moreiddig is no more!
To his pensive ghost we 'll give
Due remembrance, while we live;
And in fairy fiction dressed,
Flowing hair, and sable vest,
The tragic Muse shall grace our songs,
While brave Moreiddig's name the mournful strain prolongs.

Pour out the horn (though he desire it not),
And heave a sigh on Morgan's early grave;
Doomed in his clay-cold tenement to rot,
While we revere the memory of the brave.

Fill again the Hirlas Horn.
On that ever-glorious morn,
The Britons and their foes between,
What prodigies of might were seen!

On Gwestyn's plain the fight began;
But Gronwy sure was more than man!
Him to resist, on Gwestyn's plain,
A hundred Saxons strove in vain.
To set the noble Meyric free,
And change his bonds to liberty,
The warriors vowed. The God of day
Scarce darted his meridian ray,
When he beheld the conquerors steeped in gore,
And Gwestyn's bloody fight, ere highest, noon was o'er.

Now a due libation pour
To the spirits of the dead,
Who, that memorable hour,
Made the hostile plain their bed.
There the glittering steel was seen,
There the twanging bow was heard;
There the mighty pressed the green,
Recorded by the faithful Bard.
Madoc there, and Meilir brave,
Sent many a Saxon to his grave.
Their drink was mead; their hearts were true;
And to the head their shafts they drew;
But Owen's guards, in terrible array,
Resistless march along, and make the world give way.

Pour the sweet transparent mead
(The spear is red in time of need),
And give to each departed spirit
The honor and reward of merit.
What cares surround the regal state,

What anxious thoughts molest the great,
None but a prince himself can know,
And Heaven, that ruleth kings, and lays the mighty low.

For Daniel fill the horn so green,
Of haughty brow and angry mien;
While the lessening tapers shine
Fill it up with generous wine.
He nor quarter takes nor gives,
But by spoils and rapine lives.
Comely is the youth, and brave;
But obdurate as the grave.
Hadst thou seen, in Maelor fight,
How we put the foe to flight!
Hadst thou seen the chiefs in arms,
When the foe rushed on in swarms!
Round about their prince they stood,
And stained their swords with hostile blood.
Glorious bulwarks! To their praise
Their prince devotes his latest lays. —

Now, my boy, thy task is o'er;
Thou shalt fill the horn no more.
Long may the King of kings protect,
And crown with bliss, my friends elect;
Where Liberty and Truth reside,
And Virtue, Truth's immortal bride!
There may we all together meet,
And former times renew in heavenly converse sweet!

Owain Cyfeiliog. Tr. Robert Williams.

A FAREWELL TO WALES.

ON LEAVING THAT COUNTRY WITH MY CHILDREN.

THE sound of thy streams in my spirit I bear, —
Farewell, and a blessing be with thee, green land!
On thy hearths, on thy halls, on thy pure mountain air,
On the chords of the harp, and the minstrel's free hand,
From the love of my soul with my tears it is shed,
As I leave thee, green land of my home and my dead!

I bless thee! — yet not for the beauty which dwells
In the heart of thy hills, on the rocks of thy shore;
And not for the memory set deep in thy dells,
Of the bard and the hero, the mighty of yore;
And not for thy songs of those proud ages fled, —
Green land, poet land of my home and my dead!

I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat
Where'er a low hamlet smiles up to thy skies;
For thy cottage hearths burning the stranger to greet,
For the soul that shines forth from thy children's kind eyes!
May the blessing, like sunshine, about thee be spread,
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead!

Felicia Hemans.

WALES.

Aberglasney.

THE COUNTRY WALK.

UP Grongar Hill I labor now,
And reach at last his bushy brow.
O, how fresh, how pure the air!
Let me breathe a little here;
Where am I, Nature? I descry
Thy magazine before me lie!
Temples and towns and towers and woods,
And hills and vales and fields and floods,
Crowding before me, edged around
With naked wilds and barren ground.
See, below, the pleasant dome,
The poet's pride, the poet's home,
Which the sunbeams shine upon
To the even from the dawn.
See her woods, where Echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terrace-walks,

Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers and shining lakes.
Keep, ye gods, this humble seat
Forever pleasant, private, neat.
  See yonder hill, uprising steep
Above the river slow and deep;
It looks from hence a pyramid
Beneath a verdant forest hid,
On whose high top there rises great
The mighty remnant of a seat, —
An old green tower, whose battered brow
Frowns upon the vale below.
  Look upon that flowery plain,
How the sheep surround their swain,
How they crowd to hear his strain!
All careless with his legs across,
Leaning on a bank of moss,
He spends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.
  And there behold a bloomy mead,
A silver stream, a willow shade,
Beneath the shade a fisher stand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.
  In blushes the descending sun
Kisses the streams, while slow they run;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or dusky clouds do interpose.
The fields are left, the laboring hind
His weary oxen does unbind;
And vocal mountains, as they low,

Re-echo to the vales below;
The jocund shepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which send up smoke in curling spires:
While with light heart all homeward tend,
To Aberglasney I descend.

* * * * *

John Dyer.

Anglesea (Mona).

ANGLESEA.

WHAT one of all the isles to Cambria doth belong
(To Britain, I might say, and yet not do her wrong)
Doth equal me in soil, so good for grass and grain?
As should my Wales (where still Brute's offspring doth remain)
That mighty store of men, yet more of beasts doth breed,
By famine or by war constrained be to need,
And England's neighboring shires their succour would deny;
My only self her wants could plenteously supply.
What island is there found upon the Irish coast,
In which that kingdom seems to be delighted most,
And seek you all along the rough Vergivian shore,
Where the encountering tides outrageously do roar,
That bows not at my beck, as they to me did owe
The duty subjects should unto their sovereign show;

So that the Eubonian man, a kingdom long time known,
Which wisely hath been ruled by princes of her own,
In my alliance joys, as in the Albanian seas
The Arrans, and by them the scattered Eubides
Rejoice even at my name; and put on mirthful cheer,
When of my good estate they by the sea-nymphs hear.
Sometimes within my shades, in many an ancient wood,
Whose often-twined tops great Phœbus' fires withstood,
The fearless British priests, under an aged oak,
Taking a milk-white bull, unstrained with the yoke,
And with an ax of gold, from that Jove-sacred tree
The misleto cut down; then with a bended knee
On the unhewed altar laid, put to the hallowed fires:
And whilst in the sharp flame the trembling flesh expires,
As their strong fury moved (when all the rest adore)
Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,
Up to the eternal heaven their bloodied hands did rear;
And, whilst the murmuring woods even shuddered as with fear,
Preached to the beardless youth the soul's immortal state;
To other bodies still how it should transmigrate,
That to contempt of death them strongly might excite.
To dwell in my black shades the wood-gods did delight,
Untrodden with resort that long so gloomy were,
As when the Roman came, it strook him sad with fear
To look upon my face, which then was called the Dark;
Until in after-time, the English for a mark
Gave me this hateful name, which I must ever bear,
And Anglesey from them am called everywhere.

* * * * *

Michael Drayton.

TO THE QUEEN,

ENTERTAINED AT NIGHT BY THE COUNTESS OF ANGLESEA.

FAIR as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swelled by the early dew;
Smooth as the face of waters first appeared,
Ere tides began to strive or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are.
You that are more than our discreeter fear
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves, her cheapest wealth, scarce reach at green;
You come, as if the silver planet were
Misled awhile from her much injured sphere;
And t' ease the travels of her beams to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

Sir William Davenant.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT. FROM THE WELSH.

OWEN succeeded his father Griffith ap Cynan in the principality of N. Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought in the year 1157.

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,

Gwyneth's shield and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin ploughs the watery way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glittering arms and glory dress'd,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Menai rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:

Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop and Shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild,
Agony that pants for breath,
Despair and honorable death.

* * * * *

Thomas Gray.

MONA.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN.

RANGING the heights of Scawfell or Black-comb,
In his lone course the shepherd oft will pause,
And strive to fathom the mysterious laws
By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,
On Mona settle, and the shapes assume
Of all her peaks and ridges. What he draws
From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the cause,
He will take with him to the silent tomb.
Or, by his fire, a child upon his knee,
Haply the untaught philosopher may speak
Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory
That satisfies the simple and the meek,
Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak
To cope with sages undevoutly free.

William Wordsworth.

DRUID CHORUS ON THE LANDING OF THE ROMANS.

BY the dread and viewless powers,
Whom the storms and seas obey,
From the Dark Isle's[1] mystic bowers,
Romans! o'er the deep away!
Think ye, 't is but nature's gloom
O'er our shadowy coast which broods?
By the altar and the tomb,
Shun these haunted solitudes!
Know ye Mona's awful spells?
She the rolling orbs can stay!
She the mighty grave compels
Back to yield its fettered prey!
Fear ye not the lightning-stroke?
Mark ye not the fiery sky?
Hence! — around our central oak
Gods are gathering, — Romans, fly!

Felicia Hemans.

EAST AND WEST.

IN the bare midst of Anglesey they show
Two springs which close by one another play,
And, "thirteen hundred years agone," they say,
"Two saints met often where those waters flow.

"One came from Penmon, westward, and a glow
Whitened his face from the sun's fronting ray.

[1] Anglesey.

Eastward the other, from the dying day;
And he with unsunned face did always go."

"Seiriol the Bright, Kybi the Dark," men said.
The Seer from the East was then in light,
The Seer from the West was then in shade.

Ah! now 't is changed. In conquering sunshine bright
The man of the bold West now comes arrayed;
He of the mystic East is touched with night.

Matthew Arnold.

AT HOLYHEAD.

O NEPTUNE! Neptune! must I still
Be here detained against my will?
Is this your justice when I 'm come
Above two hundred miles from home,
O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains,
Half choked with dust, half drowned with rains,
Only your godship to implore
To let me kiss your other shore?
A boon so small! but I may weep
While you 're, like Baal, fast asleep.

Jonathan Swift.

MONA.

MONA on Snowdon calls:
Hear, thou king of mountains, hear;
Hark, she speaks from all her strings:
Hark, her loudest echo rings;
King of mountains, bend thine ear;
Send thy spirits, send them soon,

Now, when midnight and the moon
Meet upon thy front of snow;
See, their gold and ebon rod,
Where the sober sisters nod,
And greet in whispers sage and slow.
Snowdon, mark! 't is magic's hour,
Now the muttered spell hath power, —
Power to rend thy ribs of rock,
And burst thy base with thunder's shock;
But to thee no ruder spell
Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
In music's secret cells, and lie
Steeped in the stream of harmony.
Snowdon has heard the strain:
Hark, amid the wondering grove
Other harpings answer clear,
Other voices meet our ear,
Pinions flutter, shadows move,
Busy murmurs hum around,
Rustling vestments brush the ground;
Round and round and round they go,
Through the twilight, through the shade,
Mount the oak's majestic head,
And gild the tufted mistletoe.
Cease, ye glittering race of light,
Close your wings, and check your flight;
Here, arranged in order due,
Spread your robes of saffron hue:
For lo! with more than mortal fire,
Mighty Mador strikes the lyre:
Hark! he sweeps the master-strings;
Listen all — *William Nason.*

Argoed Llwyfain.

THE BATTLE OF ARGOED LLWYFAIN.

MORNING rose: the issuing sun
Saw the dreadful fight begun;
And that sun's descending ray
Closed the battle, closed the day.

Fflamddwyn poured his rapid bands,
Legions four, o'er Reged's lands.
The numerous host from side to side
Spread destruction wild and wide,
From Argoed's summits, forest-crowned,
To steep Arfynydd's utmost bound.
Short their triumph, short their sway,
Born and ended with the day!

Flushed with conquest Fflamddwyn said,
Boastful at his army's head,
"Strive not to oppose the stream,
Redeem your lands, your lives redeem.
Give me pledges," Fflamddwyn cried;
"Never," Urien's son replied,
Owen of the mighty stroke:
Kindling, as the hero spoke,
Cenau, Coel's blooming heir,
Caught the flame, and grasped the spear.

"Shall Coel's issue pledges give
To the insulting foe, and live?

Never such be Briton's shame,
Never, till this mangled frame
Like some vanquished lion lie
Drenched in blood, and bleeding die."

Day advanced: and ere the sun
Reached the radiant point of noon,
Urien came with fresh supplies.
"Rise, ye sons of Cambria, rise,
Spread your banners to the foe,
Spread them on the mountain's brow,
Lift your lances high in air,
Friends and brothers of the war,
Rush like torrents down the steep,
Through the vales in myriads sweep,
Fflamddwyn never can sustain
The force of our united train."

Havoc, havoc raged around,
Many a carcass strewed the ground:
Ravens drank the purple flood,
Raven plumes were dyed in blood;
Frighted crowds from place to place
Eager, hurrying, breathless, pale,
Spread the news of their disgrace,
Trembling as they told the tale.

These are Taliesin's rhymes,
These shall live to distant times,
And the Bard's prophetic rage
Animate a future age.

Child of sorrow, child of pain,
Never may I smile again,
If till all-subduing death
Close these eyes, and stop this breath,
Ever I forgot to raise
My grateful songs to Urien's praise!

Taliesin. Tr. William Whitehead.

Arvon.

THE WILDS OF ARVON.

NOW hath Prince Madoc left the holy isle,
And homeward to Aberfraw, through the wilds
Of Arvon, bent his course. A little way
He turned aside, by natural impulses
Moved, to behold Cadwallon's lonely hut.
That lonely dwelling stood among the hills,
By a gray mountain-stream; just elevate
Above the winter torrents did it stand,
Upon a craggy bank; an orchard slope
Arose behind, and joyous was the scene
In early summer, when those antic trees
Shone with their blushing blossoms, and the flax
Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest green.
But save the flax-field and that orchard slope,
All else was desolate, and now it wore
One sober hue; the narrow vale which wound
Among the hills was gray with rocks, that peered

Above the shallow soil; the mountain side
Was loose with stones bestrewn, which oftentimes
Clattered adown the steep, beneath the foot
Of straggling goat dislodged; or towered with crags,
One day when winter's work had loosened them,
To thunder down. All things assorted well
With that gray mountain hue; the low stone lines,
Which scarcely seemed to be the work of man,
The dwelling rudely reared with stones unhewn,
The stubble flax, the crooked apple-trees
Gray with their fleecy moss and mistletoe,
The white-barked birch now leafless, and the ash
Whose knotted roots were like the rifted rock,
Through which they forced their way. Adown the vale,
Broken by stones and o'er a stony bed,
Rolled the loud mountain-stream.

Robert Southey.

Bangor.

BANGOR.

THEN Madoc took
His host aside, and in his private ear
Told him the purport, and wherein his help
Was needed. Night came on; the hearth was heapt,
The women went to rest. They twain, the while,
Sate at the board, and while the untasted bowl
Stood by them, watched the glass whose falling sands

Told out the weary hours. The hour is come;
Prince Madoc helmed his head, and from his neck
He slung the bugle-horn; they took their shields,
And lance in hand went forth. And now arrived,
The bolts give back before them, and the door
Rolls on its heavy hinge.
Beside the grave
Stood Baldwin and the Prior, who, albeit
Cambrian himself, in fear and awe obeyed
The lordly Primate's will. They stood and watched
Their ministers perform the irreverent work.
And now with spade and mattock have they broken
Into the house of death, and now have they
From the stone coffin wrenched the iron cramps,
When sudden interruption startled them,
And, clad in complete mail from head to foot,
They saw the Prince come in. Their tapers gleamed
Upon his visage, as he wore his helm
Open; and when in that pale countenance —
For the strong feeling blanched his cheek — they saw
His father's living lineaments, a fear
Like ague shook them. But anon that fit
Of scared imagination to the sense
Of other peril yielded, when they heard
Prince Madoc's dreadful voice. "Stay!" he exclaimed,
As now they would have fled; "stir not a man,
Or if I once put breath into this horn,
All Wales will hear, as if dead Owen called
For vengeance from that grave. Stir not a man,
Or not a man shall live! The doors are watched,
And ye are at my mercy!"

But at that,
Baldwin from the altar seized the crucifix,
And held it forth to Madoc, and cried out,
"He who strikes me strikes Him; forbear, on pain
Of endless—"
"Peace!" quoth Madoc, "and profane not
The holy cross with those polluted hands
Of midnight sacrilege! Peace! I harm thee not;
Be wise, and thou art safe. For thee, thou know'st,
Prior, that if thy treason were divulged,
David would hang thee on thy steeple-top,
To feed the steeple daws: obey and live!
Go, bring fine linen and a coffer meet
To bear these relics; and do ye, meanwhile,
Proceed upon your work."
They at his word
Raised the stone cover, and displayed the dead,
In royal grave-clothes habited, his arms
Crossed on the breast, with precious gums and spice
Fragrant, and incorruptibly preserved.
At Madoc's bidding, round the corpse they wrap
The linen web, fold within fold involved;
They laid it in the coffer, and with cloth
At head and foot filled every interval
And prest it down compact; they closed the lid,
And Madoc with his signet sealed it thrice.
Then said he to his host, "Bear thou at dawn
This treasure to the ships. My father's bones
Shall have their resting-place where mine one day
May moulder by their side."

Robert Southey.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.

THE oppression of the tumult, wrath and scorn,
The tribulation, and the gleaming blades, —
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
The song of Taliesin; ours shall mourn
The unarmed host who by their prayers would turn
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store
Of aboriginal and Roman lore,
And Christian monuments, that now must burn
To senseless ashes. Mark! how all things swerve
From their known course, or vanish like a dream;
Another language spreads from coast to coast;
Only perchance some melancholy stream
And some indignant hills old names preserve,
When laws and creeds and people all are lost!

William Wordsworth.

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguered Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar gray
Marched from Bangor's fair Abbaye;
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee.
O miserere, Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the Virgin-mother mild

In their peaceful banner smiled;
Who could think such saintly band
Doomed to feel unhallowed hand!
Such was the Divine decree,
O miserere, Domine!

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill;
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere, Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughtered down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid;
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,
Sing, *O miserere, Domine!*

Bangor! o'er the murder wail!
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Shattered towers and broken arch
Long recalled the woful march:
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere, Domine!

Sir Walter Scott.

Bardsey.

THE HOLY ISLE.

TO Bardsey was the lord of ocean bound, —
Bardsey, the holy islet, in whose soil
Did many a chief and many a saint repose,
His great progenitors. He mounts the skiff;
Her canvas swells before the breeze; the sea
Sings round her sparkling keel; and soon the lord
Of ocean treads the venerable shore.

There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright-blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Imbathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of ocean are abroad; like floating foam,
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
With long-protruded neck the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft; and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling: even the insect-swarms

From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
To sport through one day of existence more;
The solitary primrose on the bank
Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth; the rocks and shores,
The forest, and the everlasting hills,
Smiled in that joyful sunshine, — they partook
The universal blessing.
To this isle,
Where his forefathers were to dust consigned,
Did Madoc come for natural piety,
Ordering a solemn service for their souls.

Robert Southey.

Barkloughly Castle.

RICHARD THE SECOND AT BARKLOUGHLY CASTLE.

NEEDS must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again. —
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting:
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favor with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies. —
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

* * * * *

Of comfort no man speak.
Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let 's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so, — for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small module of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings: —
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

Keeps Death his court. And there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit, —
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and — Farewell, king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while.
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends. Subjected thus, how can you say
To me, I am a king?

William Shakespeare.

Bodryddan.

BODRYDDAN.

TO THE MEMORY OF B. Y. AND A. M. D.

OUR fairest dreams are made of truths,
Nymphs are sweet women, angels youths,
And Eden was an earthly bower:
Not that the heavens are false; — O no!
But that the sweetest thoughts that grow

In earth must have an earthly flower;
Blest, if they know how sweet they are,
And that earth also is a star.

I met a lady by the sea,
A heart long known, a face desired,
Who led me with sweet breathful glee
To one that sat retired, —
That sat retired in reverend chair,
That younger lady's pride and care,
Fading heavenward beauteously
In a long-drawn life of love,
With smiles below and thoughts above:
And round her played that fairy she,
Like Impulse by Tranquillity.

And truly might they, in times old,
Have deemed her one of fairy mould
Keeping some ancestral queen
Deathless, in a bower serene:
For oft she might be noticed walking
Where the seas at night were talking;
Or extracting with deep look
Power from out some learned book;
Or with pencil or with pen
Charming the rapt thoughts of men:
And her eyes! they were so bright,
They seemed to dance with elfin light,
Playmates of pearly smiles, and yet
So often and so sadly wet,
That Pity wondered to conceive

How lady so beloved could grieve.
And oft would both those ladies rare,
Like enchantments out of air,
In a sudden shower descend
Of balm on want, or flowers on friend;
No matter how remote the place,
For fairies laugh at time and space.
From their hearts the gifts were given,
As the light leaps out of heaven.

Their very house was fairy; — none
Might find it without favor won
For some great zeal, like errant-knight,
Or want and sorrow's holy right;
And then they reached it by long rounds
Of lanes between thick pastoral grounds
Nest-like, and alleys of old trees,
Until at last, in lawny ease,
Down by a garden and its fountains,
In the ken of mild blue mountains,
Rose, as if exempt from death,
Its many-centuried household breath.
The stone-cut arms above the door
Were such as earliest chieftains bore,
Of simple gear, long laid aside;
And low it was, and warm and wide, —
A home to love, from sire to son,
By white-grown servants waited on.
Here a door opening breathed of bowers
Of ladies, who lead lives of flowers;
There, walls were books; and the sweet witch,

Painting, had there the rooms made rich
With knights, and dames, and loving eyes
Of heaven-gone kindred, sweet and wise;
Of bishops, gentle as their lawn,
And sires, whose talk was one May-dawn.
Last, on the roof, a clock's old grace
Looked forth, like some enchanted face
That never slept, but in the night
Dinted the air with thoughtful might
Of sudden tongue which seemed to say,
"The stars are firm, and hold their way."

Behold me now, like knight indeed,
Whose balmed wound had ceased to bleed,
Behold me in this green domain
Leading a palfrey by the rein,
On which the fairy lady sat
In magic talk, which men call "chat,"
Over mead, up hill, down dale,
While the sweet thoughts never fail,
Bright as what we plucked 'twixt whiles,
The mountain-ash's thick red smiles;
And aye she laughed, and talked, and rode,
And to blest eyes her visions showed
Of nook, and tower, and mountain rare,
Like bosom, making mild the air;
And seats, endeared by friend and sire,
Facing sunset's thoughtful fire.
And then, to make romances true,
Before this lady open flew
A garden gate; and lo! right in,

Where horse's foot had never been,
Rode she! The gardener with a stare
To see her threat his lilies fair,
Uncapped his bent old silver hair,
And seemed to say, "My lady good
Makes all things right in her sweet mood."

O land of Druid and of bard,
Worthy of bearded Time's regard,
Quick-blooded, light-voiced, lyric Wales,
Proud with mountains, rich with vales,
And of such valor that in thee
Was born a third of chivalry
(And is to come again, they say,
Blowing its trumpets into day,
With sudden earthquake from the ground,
And in the midst, great Arthur crowned),
I used to think of thee and thine
As one of an old faded line
Living in his hills apart,
Whose pride I knew, but not his heart:
But now that I have seen thy face,
Thy fields, and ever youthful race,
And women's lips of rosiest word
(So rich they open), and have heard
The harp still leaping in thy halls,
Quenchless as the waterfalls,
I know thee full of pulse as strong
As the sea's more ancient song,
And of a sympathy as wide;
And all this truth, and more beside,

I should have known, had I but seen,
O Flint, thy little shore, and been
Where Truth and Dream walk, hand-in-hand,
Bodryddan's living Fairy-land.

Leigh Hunt.

Builth.

THE DIRGE OF LLYWELYN.

He had marched to South Wales, to meet some Cambrian partisans and English lords who had entered into a confederacy against Edward the First. The place of meeting was near Builth in Breconshire. He posted his army on a mountain in the neighborhood, and went alone and unarmed to the appointed spot; but the design having been betrayed, apparently by the persons implicated in the plot, instead of meeting with his confederates, the outposts were attacked by hostile forces. These made no impression, until a ford was shown where the river might be crossed, when a party of English horse surrounded the place where the prince stood. He in endeavoring to get back to his own army was followed by an English knight named Adam de Francton, who ran his spear through his body, not knowing it was Llywelyn.

FREQUENT is heard the voice of woe,
Frequent the tears of sorrow flow;
Such sounds as erst in Camlan heard,
Roused to wrath old Arthur's bard,
Cambria's warrior we deplore;
Our Llywelyn is no more.
Who like Llywelyn now remains,
To shield from wrong his native plains?
My soul with piercing grief is filled;
My vital blood with horror chilled:

Nature herself is changed, and lo!
Now all things sympathize below!
Hark how the howling wind and rain
In loudest symphony complain!
Hark how the consecrated oaks,
Unconscious of the woodman's strokes,
With thundering crash proclaim he 's gone;
Fall in each other's arms and groan!
Hark how the sullen tempests roar!
See how the white waves lash the shore!
See how eclipsed the sun appears!
See how the stars fall from their spheres!
Each awful Heaven-sent prodigy,
Ye sons of infidelity,
Believe and tremble. Guilty land,
Lo! thy destruction is at hand!
Thou great Creator of the world,
Why are not thy red lightnings hurled?
Will not the sea at thy command
Swallow up this guilty land?
Why are we left to mourn in vain
The guardian of our country slain?
No place, no refuge, for us left,
Of homes, of liberty, bereft;
Where shall we flee? to whom complain,
Since our dear Llywelyn 's slain?

Gruffydd ap Yr Ynad Coch.

Cader Idris.

THE ROCK OF CADER IDRIS.

It is an old tradition of the Welsh bards, that on the summit of the mountain Cader Idris is an excavation resembling a couch; and that whoever should pass a night in that hollow would be found in the morning either dead, in a frenzy, or endowed with the highest poetical inspiration.

I LAY on that rock where the storms have their dwelling,
The birthplace of phantoms, the home of the cloud;
Around it forever deep music is swelling,
The voice of the mountain wind solemn and loud.
'T was a midnight of shadows all fitfully streaming,
Of wild waves and breezes, that mingle their moan;
Of dim shrouded stars, as from gulfs faintly gleaming;
And I met the dread gloom of its grandeur alone.

I lay there in silence, — a spirit came o'er me;
Man's tongue hath no language to speak what I saw;
Things glorious, unearthly, passed floating before me,
And my heart almost fainted with rapture and awe.
I viewed the dread beings around us that hover,
Though veiled by the mists of mortality's breath;
And I called upon darkness the vision to cover,
For a strife was within me of madness and death.

I saw them, — the powers of the wind and the ocean,
The rush of whose pinion bears onward the storms;
Like the sweep of the white-rolling wave was their motion, —

I felt their dim presence, but knew not their forms!
I saw them, — the mighty of ages departed, —
The dead were around me that night on the hill:
From their eyes, as they passed, a cold radiance they darted, —
There was light on my soul, but my heart's blood was chill.

I saw what man looks on, and dies, — but my spirit
Was strong, and triumphantly lived through that hour;
And, as from the grave, I awoke to inherit
A flame all immortal, a voice, and a power!
Day burst on that rock with the purple cloud crested,
And high Cader Idris rejoiced in the sun;
But O, what new glory all nature invested,
When the sense which gives soul to her beauty was won!

Felicia Hemans.

Caerleon-upon-Usk.

CAERLEON.

PERHAPS Caerleon, like Chepstow and Tintern Abbey, should have come under England, as Monmouthshire is now an English county. But as these poems refer to a period when this was not so, their proper place seems to be here.

THEN sing they how he first ordained the circled board,
The knights whose martial deeds far famed that Table Round;

Which, truest in their loves, which, most in arms renowned:
The laws which long upheld that order, they report;
The Pentecosts prepared at Carleon in his court,
That table's ancient seat; her temples and her groves,
Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and stoves:
Her academy, then, as likewise they prefer:
Of Camilot they sing, and then of Winchester.

Michael Drayton.

GUINEVERE.

NOW thrice that morning Guinevere had climbed
The giant tower, from whose high crest, they say,
Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset,
And white sails flying on the yellow sea;
But not to goodly hill or yellow sea
Looked the fair Queen, but up the vale of Usk,
By the flat meadow.

Alfred Tennyson.

KING ARTHUR.

WHEN good King Arthur ruled this land,
He dwelt at Caerleon-upon-Usk;
He held it with an armed right hand,
And drank red wine from dawn till dusk.

How stalwart were the warriors then,
In our time no such maidens are:

King Arthur was the first of men,
The fairest dame Queen Guenevar.

When Merlin waved his silver wand,
None dared dispute its awful spells;
On summer nights the moonlit strand
Was musical with fairy bells.

And all the knights in Arthur's court
Made glorious that enchanted spot;
And who was first in every sport,—
Ah, who was loved but Launcelot!

How bright the armor which they wore
When setting out at morning-tide,—
The silken banners which they bore,
By gentle hands were wrought and dyed.

And who shall rise, and who shall fall,
When they the robber-bands assail;
And whose pure hands shall duty call
To seek and find the holy Grail!

Fair company of noble knights
That ride in that mysterious land,
And celebrate your mystic rites
With stainless sword in stainless hand.

Ah, where is Caerleon-upon-Usk!
Though somewhere in the south of Wales,
The wanderer there, at gathering dusk,
When dreaming o'er these ancient tales,

Will hardly see such lovely dames,
Will hardly meet such noble men,
Till bards and prophets prove their claims,
And good King Arthur comes again!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

Cardiff.

CARDIFF CASTLE.

"BECOME master of his brother (Robert, Duke of Normandy), Henry imprisoned him in the Castle of Cardiff. For greater security the eyes of the unhappy duke were put out. His detention lasted from 1106 to 1135, when he died, and it was during this long period that he endeavored to soothe his weariness by becoming a poet. The songs of the Welsh bards were tried to alleviate his sorrows, and the deep distress he felt at being separated from his only child, whose prospects he had blighted. Forced to learn the language of his jailers, he made use of it to compose several pieces in Welsh, one of which remains, a sort of plaintive elegy. The prince looked on an old oak-tree rising above the forest, which covered the promontory on Penarth, on the Bristol Channel, and from the depths of his prison he thus mournfully addresses it, following the custom of the Welsh bards, who repeat the name of the person or thing they address in each stanza." — CHAMBERS' *Book of Days.*

OAK, born on these heights, theatre of carnage, where blood has rolled in streams:
Misery to those who quarrel about words over wine.

Oak, nourished in the midst of meadows covered with blood and corpses:
Misery to the man who has become an object of hatred.

Oak, grown up on this green carpet, watered with the blood of those whose heart was pierced by the sword:
Misery to him who delights in discord.

Oak, in the midst of trefoil and plants which whilst
surrounding thee have stopped thy growth and
hindered the thickening of thy trunk:
Misery to the man who is in the power of his enemies.

Oak, placed in the midst of woods which cover the prom-
ontory from whence thou see'st the waves of the
Severn struggle against the sea:
Misery to him who sees that which is not death.

Oak, which has lived through storms and tempests in
the midst of the tumult of war and the ravages
of death:
Misery to the man who is not old enough to die.

From the Welsh. Tr. Anonymous.

CARDIFF CASTLE.

RHYMED VERSION OF THE PRECEDING.

OAK that grew on battle mound,
Where crimson torrents drenched the ground;
Woe waits the maddening broils where sparkling wine
goes round!

Oak that grew on verdant plain,
Where gushed the blood of warriors slain; —
The wretch in hatred's grasp may well of woes complain!

Oak that grew in verdure strong,
After bloodshed's direful wrong; —
Woe waits the wretch who sits the sons of strife among!

Oak that grew on greensward bourn,
Its once fair branches tempest torn; —
Whom envy's hate pursues shall long in anguish mourn!

Oak that grew on woodcliff high,
Where Severn's waves to winds reply; —
Woe waits the wretch whose years tell not that death is nigh!

Oak that grew through years of woe,
Mid battle broil's unequalled throes, —
Forlorn is he who prays that death his life may close.

Taliesen Williams.

Celyddon.

THE APPLE-TREES OF CELYDDON.

WAS there such a gift given to any one as at the dawn of day
Was given to Merddin ere age had overtaken him?
Sevenscore and seven sweet apple-trees,
Of equal height, age, and magnitude,
They are a mark of a sovereign's benevolence,
And are overshadowed by lovely foliage.
A maid with beauteous ringlets watches over them,
Gloywedd by name, with teeth of pearly whiteness.

Sweet and excellent apple-tree!
Thou wilt be heavy when laden with fruit,

And I am full of care and trouble for thy safety,
Lest the woodmen
Should destroy thy root, and injure thy seed,
And prevent any more apples from growing on thee;
And I tear myself wildly with anxiety;
Anguish pains me, and no clothes protect my body;
These were the gift of Gwenddolau the free giver,
Who is now, as he was not.

Sweet apple-tree of delicate growth,
Thy shade is celebrated, profitable, and comely;
Princes will combine upon false pretences,
With false, luxurious, and gluttonous monks,
And idle talkative youths, to get thy fruit;
They all prophesy warlike exploits to the Prince.

Sweet apple-tree of vigorous growth and verdant foliage,
Large are thy branches, and beautiful thy form,
It was beautiful to see thee in a robe of vivid green,
Ere war had caused my heart to grieve;
But my wrongs shall yet be avenged,
And the legions of Pengwern shall revel on mead.

Sweet apple-tree growing in the lonely glade!
Valor shall still secure thee from the lords of Rhydderch;
Bare is the ground around thee, trodden by mighty warriors,
Their heroic forms strike their foes with terror.
Alas! Gwendydd loves me not, greets me not,
I am hated by the chiefs of Rhydderch,

I have ruined his son and his daughter,
Death relieves all, why does he not visit me?
For after Gwenddolau no princes honor me.
I am not soothed with diversion,
I am no longer visited by the fair,
Yet in the battle of Arderydd I wore golden torques,
Though I am now despised by her who is fair as snowy swan.

Sweet apple-tree! covered with delicate bloom,
Growing unseen in the sequestered wood;
At break of day the tale was told me,
That the high commissioned chief of Menwydd is offended with me;
Twice, thrice, yea, four times in one day,
It rung in my ears ere the sun had marked the hour of noon;
O Jesus, why had I not been destroyed,
Before I had the misfortune to slay the son of Gwenddydd?

Sweet apple-tree, which formest a stately grove,
The wild dogs of the wood seek shelter about thy roots,
Yet shall my prophetic song announce the re-coming
Of Medrawd, and Arthur leader of hosts;
Again shall they rush to the battle of Camlan,
And only seven escape from the two days' conflict.
Let Gwenhwyvar remember her crimes,
When Cadwaladr resumes possession of his throne,
And the religious hero leads his armies.
Alas my lamentable destiny! hope affords no refuge,
Gwenddydd's son is slain, and by my accursed hand.

Sweet apple-tree, of richest fruit,
Growing in the lonely woods of Celyddon;
All seek thee for the sake of thy fruit,
But in vain until Cadwaladr comes to the conference of Rhyd Rheon,
And Kynan advances to oppose the Saxons;
Then shall Britons be again victorious,
Led by their graceful and majestic chief;
Then shall be restored to every one his own,
And the sounder of the horn of gladness proclaim
The song of peace and days of happiness.

Delicious apple-tree with blossoms purely white,
To those who eat them, sweet are the apples
That have always grown on trees
Which grow apart, with wide-spreading branches.
The nymph who appears and disappears, prophesies explicitly
In signs of troublesome times which will surely come;
A fleet with anchors shall come on the sea,
Seven ships, with seven hundred sailing over the waves;
They will descend on the shore under flights of arrows,
And of those who come, there shall not return
More than seven to their former home.

Delicious apple-tree of splendid growth!
Its root has fed both it and me,
When with shield on my shoulder and sword on my thigh,
I slept all alone in the woods of Celyddon.

* * * * *

From the Welsh. *Thomas Stephens.*

Clwyd, the River.

THE RIVER CLWYD.

DEAR Cluyd, the abundant sweets that from thy
bosom flow,
When with my active wings into the air I throw,
Those hills whose hoary heads seem in the clouds to
dwell,
Of aged become young, enamored with the smell
Of the odoriferous flowers in thy most precious lap;
Within whose velvet leaves, when I myself enwrap,
They suffocate with scents; that (from my native kind)
I seem some slow perfume, and not the swiftest wind
With joy, my Dyffren Cluyd, I see thee bravely spread,
Surveying every part, from foot up to thy head;
Thy full and youthful breasts, which in their meadowy
pride
Are branched with rivery veins, meander-like that glide.

Michael Drayton.

THE RIVER CLWYD, IN NORTH WALES.

O CAMBRIAN river! with slow music gliding
By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruined towers;
Now midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding;
Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flowers;
Long flowed the current of my life's clear hours
Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my dream,

Though time and change and other mightier powers
Far from thy side have borne me. Thou, smooth stream!
Art winding still thy sunny meads along,
Murmuring to cottage and gray hall thy song,
Low, sweet, unchanged. My being's tide hath passed
Through rocks and storms; yet will I not complain,
If, thus wrought free and pure from earthly stain,
Brightly its waves may reach their parent deep at last.

Felicia Hemans.

Conway.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

William Wordsworth.

Conway, the River.

THE RIVER CONWAY.

AWHILE thus taking breath, our way yet fair in view,
The Muse her former course doth seriously pursue.
From Penmen's craggy height to try her saily wings,
Herself long having bathed in the delicious springs
(That trembling from his top through long-worn crannies creep,
To spend their liquid store on the insatiate deep),
She meets with Conway first, which lieth next at hand,
Whose precious orient pearl that breedeth in her sand
Above the other floods of Britain doth her grace:
Into the Irish sea which making out her race,
Supplied by many a mere (through many several rills
Into her bosom poured), her plenteously she fills.
O goodly river! near unto thy sacred spring
Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British king
The changes long to come auspiciously he told.
Most happy were thy nymphs, that wondering did behold
His graver wrinkled brow, amazed, and did bear

The dreadful words he spake, that so ambiguous were.
Thrice happy brooks, I say, that (every way about)
Thy tributaries be: as is that town, whereout
Into the sea thou fall'st, which Conway of thy name
Perpetually is called, to register thy fame.
For thou, clear Conway, heard'st wise Merlin first relate
The Destinies' decree, of Britain's future fate;
Which truly he foretold proud Vortiger should lose,
As when him from his seat the Saxons should depose;
The forces that should here from Armoric arrive,
Yet far too weak from hence the enemy to drive;
And to that mighty king, which rashly undertook
A strong-walled tower to rear, those earthly spirits that shook
The great foundation still, in dragons' horrid shape,
That dreaming wizard told; making the mountain gape
With his most powerful charms, to view those caverns deep;
And from the top of Brith, so high and wondrous steep,
Where Dinas Emris stood, showed where the serpents fought,
The white that tore the red; from whence the prophet wrought
The Britons' sad decay then shortly to ensue.

Michael Drayton.

THE BARD.

I.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air),
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark how each giant oak and desert cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!

O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains! ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land;
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.

Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl

A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade,
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, O, stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But, oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

"Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play,
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colored wings.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskined measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me; with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.

Be thine despair, and sceptred care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

Thomas Gray.

Coombe-Ellen.

COOMBE-ELLEN.

CALL the strange spirit that abides unseen
In wilds and wastes and shaggy solitudes,
And bid his dim hand lead thee through these scenes
That burst immense around! By mountains, glens,
And solitary cataracts that dash
Through dark ravines; and trees, whose wreathéd roots
O'erhang the torrent's channelled course; and streams,
That far below, along the narrow vale
Upon their rocky way wind musical.
Stranger! if Nature charm thee, if thou lovest
To trace her awful steps, in glade or glen,
Or under covert of the rocking wood,
That sways its murmuring and massy boughs
Above thy head; now, when the wind at times
Stirs its deep silence round thee, and the shower
Falls on the sighing foliage, hail her here
In these her haunts; and, rapt in musings high,
Think that thou holdest converse with some Power
Invisible and strange; such as of yore

Greece in the shades of piny Menelaus,
The abode of Pan, or Ida's hoary caves,
Worshipped; and our old Druids, mid the gloom
Of rocks and woods like these, with muttered spell
Invoked, and the loud ring of choral harps.

* * * * *

Now wind we up the glen, and hear below
The dashing torrent, in deep woods concealed,
And now again white-flashing on the view,
O'er the huge craggy fragments. Ancient stream,
That murmurest through the mountain solitudes,
The time has been when no eye marked thy course
Save His who made the world! Fancy might dream
She saw thee thus bound on from age to age
Unseen of man, whilst awful Nature sat
On the rent rocks, and said: "These haunts be mine.
How Taste has marked thy features; here and there
Touching with tender hand, but injuring not,
Thy beauties; whilst along thy woody verge
Ascends the winding pathway, and the eye
Catches at intervals thy varied falls."

But loftier scenes invite us; pass the hill,
And through the woody hanging, at whose feet
The tinkling Ellen winds, pursue thy way.
Yon bleak and weather-whitened rock, immense,
Upshoots amidst the scene, shaggy and steep,
And like some high-embattled citadel,
That awes the low plain shadowing. Half-way up
The purple heath is seen, but bare its brow,
And deep intrenched, and all beneath it spread
With massy fragments riven from its top.

* * * * *

How through the whispering wood
We steal, and mark the old and mossy oaks
Emboss the mountain slope; or the wild ash,
With rich red clusters mantling; or the birch
In lonely glens light-wavering, till, behold!
The rapid river shooting through the gloom
Its lucid line along; and on its side
The bordering pastures green, where the swinked ox
Lies dreaming, heedless of the numerous flies
That, in the transitory sunshine, hum
Round his broad breast; and further up the cot,
With blue, light smoke ascending; — images
Of peace and comfort!

* * * * *

Pass on to the hoar cataract, that foams
Through the dark fissures of the riven rock;
Prone-rushing it descends, and with white whirl,
Save where some silent shady pool receives
Its dash; thence bursting, with collected sweep
And hollow sound, it hurries, till it falls
Foaming in that wild stream that winds below.
Dark trees, that to the mountain's height ascend,
O'ershade with pendant boughs its massy course,
And, looking up, the eye beholds it flash
Beneath the incumbent gloom, from ledge to ledge
Shooting its silvery foam, and far within
Wreathing its curve fantastic. If the harp
Of deep poetic inspiration, struck
At times by the pale minstrel, whilst a strange
And beauteous light filled his uplifted eye,
Hath ever sounded into mortal ears,

Here I might think I heard its tones, and saw
Sublime amidst the solitary scene,
With dimly gleaming harp, and snowy stole,
And cheek in momentary frenzy flushed,
The great musician stand.

* * * * *

And now a little onward, where the way
Ascends above the oaks that far below
Shade the rude steep, let Contemplation lead
Our footsteps; from this shady eminence
'T is pleasant and yet fearful to look down
Upon the river roaring, and far off
To see it stretch in peace, and mark the rocks,
One after one, in solemn majesty
Unfolding their wild reaches; here with wood
Mantled, beyond abrupt and bare, and each
As if it strove with emulous disdain
To tower in ruder, darker amplitude.
Pause, ere we enter the long craggy vale;
It seems the abode of solitude. So high
The rock's bleak summit frowns above our head,
Looking immediate down, we almost fear
Lest some enormous fragment should descend
With hideous sweep into the vale, and crush
The intruding visitant. No sound is here,
Save of the stream that shrills, and now and then
A cry as of faint wailing, when the kite
Comes sailing o'er the crags, or straggling lamb
Bleats for its mother.

* * * * *

Scenes of retired sublimity, that fill

With fearful ecstasy and holy trance
The passing mind! we leave your awful gloom,
And lo! the footway plank, that leads across
The narrow torrent, foaming through the chasm
Below; the rugged stones are washed and worn
Into a thousand shapes, and hollows scooped
By long attrition of the ceaseless surge,
Smooth, deep, and polished as the marble urn,
In their hard forms. Here let us sit, and watch
The struggling current burst its headlong way,
Hearing the noise it makes, and musing much
On the strange chances of this nether world.
How many ages must have swept to dust
The still succeeding multitudes that "fret
Their little hour" upon this restless scene,
Or ere the sweeping waters could have cut
The solid rock so deep! As now its roar
Comes hollow from below, methinks we hear
The noise of generations as they pass,
O'er the frail arch of earthly vanity,
To silence and oblivion. The loud coil
Ne'er ceases; as the running river sounds
From age to age, though each particular wave
That made its brief noise as we hurried on,
Even whilst we speak, is past, and heard no more;
So ever to the ear of Heaven ascends
The long, loud murmur of the rolling globe;
Its strifes, its toils, its sighs, its shouts, the same!

William Lisle Bowles.

Devil's Bridge.

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, NORTH WALES, 1824.

HOW art thou named? In search of what strange land,
From what huge height, descending? Can such force
Of waters issue from a British source,
Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where the band
Of patriots scoop their freedom out, with hand
Desperate as thine? Or come the incessant shocks
From that young stream that smites the throbbing rocks
Of Viamala? There I seem to stand,
As in life's morn; permitted to behold,
From the dread chasm, woods climbing above woods,
In pomp that fades not; everlasting snows;
And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose:
Such power possess the family of floods
Over the minds of poets, young or old!

William Wordsworth.

Dôl Ciog.

THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH.

"LLYWARCH HÊN, or Llywarch the aged, a Cumbrian prince, is the third great bard of the British annals. He passed his younger days at the court of King Arthur, with the honorable distinction of a free guest. When the British power was weakened by the death of Arthur, Llywarch was called to the aid of his kinsman Urien Reged, king of Cumbria, and the defence of his own principality, against the irruptions of the Saxons.

This princely bard had four-and-twenty sons, all invested with the golden torques, which appears to have been the ancient badge of British nobility. Many of them were slain in the Cumbrian wars, and the Saxons at length prevailed. The unfortunate Llywarch, and his few surviving sons, fled into Powys, there to revive the unequal and unsuccessful contest under the auspices of the Prince of Powys. Cynddylan having lost, in the issue of these wars, all his sons and friends, he retired to a hut at Aber Ciog in North Wales, to soothe with his harp the remembrance of misfortune, and vent with elegiac numbers the sorrows of old age in distress." — JONES'S *Welsh Bards.*

THE Cuckow sends forth her longing and complaining voice,
When she has fled from the pursuit of the Hawk,
And condoles with me at the waters of Ciog.

In spring all nature is beautiful and glad:
It is the season when heroes hasten to the field of war:
But I cannot go; infirmity will not suffer me.

The birds sing, and loud is the cry
Of the strong-scented hounds in the desert:
Again the birds are heard to warble.

The birds sing, the brooks murmur,
The moon shines out; it is the cold hour of midnight;
And my heart droops under its lingering cares.

Hear you not how the waves roar,
And dash from rock to rock?
O my weak heart! may my senses be granted me to-night!

* * * * *

Before I used a staff, I was comely and eloquent:
I was a free and welcome guest in the palace
Of Powys, the paradise of Wales.

Before I used a staff, I was splendidly apparelled:
My spear was of the largest size; its thrust was terrible:
But now my years are many; I am feeble, I am miserable.

O my staff! in summer
The furrows are red, and the tender blades spring forth:
Thou art to me instead of my lost kindred, when I look upon thy beak.

Valleys were thrown up for the trenches of the fortress:
And I will arm myself with my shield.
My mind must be disordered ere I give way.

When danger overtakes thee, O Urien,
Blow thou the horn which I gave thee,
Whose mouth is tipped with gold.

Ghastly was the wound when Pyll was slain:
Blood streamed from his hair
On the bank of the rapid Ffraw.

Distinguished among all my sons
When they singled out their adversaries,
Pyll rushed with the violence of flames through the streams of Llifon.

When, mounted on his prancing steed,
He halted at the door of his tent,
The wife of Pyll gloried in her husband.

Gwên! how joyous did I behold thee last night!
Thou hadst no roof to cover thee,
But didst traverse, cold, the banks of Morlas.

O Gwên! thou that wert dreadful in thine anger!
My thoughts are bloody because thou art slain:
Relentless was he that slew thee.

O Gwên! sire of a powerful progeny!
Thou wert the attack of an eagle
At the mouths of mighty rivers.

Let the waves cease to roar, the rivers to flow,
Since this fatal deed has been perpetrated!
Alas! my Gwên! in my trembling age have I lost thee.

My son was a hero: the sun was below Gwên.
He was the nephew of Urien.
He was slain by the Ford of Morlas.

I had four-and-twenty sons;
All leaders of armies, all decked with the golden torques:
Gwên was the bravest of them all.

I had four-and-twenty sons,
All princely chiefs, all decked with chains of gold.
But compared with Gwên, the rest were children.

These were my sons,
The favorites of bards;
And fair is their renown.

Llywarch Hén. Tr. Edward Jones.

Dwrdwy.

THE PRAISE OF OWAIN GLYNDWR.

CAMBRIA'S princely eagle, hail!
Of Gruffudd Vychan's noble blood!
Thy high renown shall never fail,
Owain Glyndwr, great and good!
Lord of Dwrdwy's fertile vale,
Warlike, high-born Owain, hail!
Dwrdwy, whose wide-spreading streams,
Reflecting Cynthia's midnight beams,
Whilom led me to thy bower;
Alas! in an unguarded hour.

For high in blood, with British beverage hot,
My awful distance I forgot;
But soon my generous chief forgave
The rude presumption of his slave.

But leave me not, illustrious lord!
Thy peaceful bower and hospitable board
Are ill exchanged for scenes of war,
Though Henry calls thee from afar.
My prayers, my tears, were vain;
He flew like lightning to the hostile plain.
While with remorse, regret, and woe,
I saw the godlike hero go;
I saw, with aching heart,
The golden beam depart.
His glorious image in my mind
Was all that Owain left behind.
Wild with despair, and woe-begone,
Thy faithful bard is left alone,
To sigh, to weep, to groan!

Thy sweet remembrance, ever dear,
Thy name, still ushered by a tear,
My inward anguish speak;
How couldst thou, cruel Owain, go,
And leave the bitter streams to flow
Down Gruffudd's furrowed cheek?
I heard, (who has not heard thy fame?)
With ecstasy I heard thy name,
Loud echoed by the trump of war,
Which spoke thee brave, and void of fear;

Yet of a gentle heart possessed,
That bled within thy generous breast,
Wide o'er the sanguine plain to see
The havoc of hostility.

Still with good omens may'st thou fight,
And do thy injured country right!
Like great Pendragon shalt thou soar,
Who bade the din of battle roar,
What time his vengeful steel he drew
His brother's grandeur to renew,
And vindicate his wrongs;
His gallant actions still are told
By youthful bards, by Druids old,
And grateful Cambria's songs.

On sea, on land, thou still didst brave
The dangerous cliff and rapid wave;
Like Urien, who subdued the knight,
And the fell dragon put to flight,
Yon moss-grown fount beside;
The grim, black warrior of the flood,
The dragon, gorged with human blood,
The waters' scaly pride,
Before his sword the mighty fled:
But now he 's numbered with the dead.
O, may his great example fire
My noble patron to aspire
To deeds like his! impetuous fly,
And bid the Saxon squadrons die:
So shall thy laurelled bard rehearse

Thy praise in never-dying verse;
Shall sing the prowess of thy sword,
Beloved and victorious lord.

In future times thy honored name
Shall emulate brave Urien's fame!
Surrounded by the numerous foe,
Well didst thou deal the unequal blow,
How terrible thy ashen spear,
Which shook the bravest heart with fear.
Yon hostile towers beneath!
More horrid than the lightning's glance,
Flashed the red meteors from thy lance,
The harbinger of death.
Dire and more dire the conflict grew;
Thousands before thy presence flew;
While borne in thy triumphal car,
Majestic as the god of war,
Midst charging hosts unmoved you stood,
Or waded through a sea of blood.

Immortal fame shall be thy meed
Due to every glorious deed;
Which latest annals shall record,
Beloved and victorious lord!
Grace, wisdom, valor, all are thine,
Owain Glyndwrdwy divine!
Meet emblem of a two-edged sword,
Dreaded in war, in peace adored!
Steer thy swift ships to Albion's coast
Pregnant with thy martial host.

Thy robes are white as driven snow,
And virtue smiles upon thy brow;
But terrible in war thou art,
And swift and certain is the dart
Thou hurlest at a Saxon's heart.

Loud fame has told thy gallant deeds;
In every word a Saxon bleeds.
Terror and flight together came,
Obedient to thy mighty name;
Death, in the van, with ample stride,
Hewed thee a passage deep and wide.
Stubborn as steel, thy nervous chest
With more than mortal strength possessed;
And every excellence belongs
To the bright subject of our songs.

Strike then your harps, ye Cambrian bards;
The song of triumph best rewards
An hero's toils. Let Henry weep
His warriors rapt in everlasting sleep:
Success and victory are thine,
Owain Glyndwrdwy divine!
Dominion, honor, pleasure, praise,
Attend upon thy vigorous days!
And, when thy evening sun is set,
May grateful Cambria ne'er forget
Thy noontide blaze; but on thy tomb
Never-fading laurels bloom!

Gruffudd Llwyd. Tr. Robert Williams.

Ewias.

EWIAS.

THE Britons, like devout, their messengers direct
To David, that he would their ancient right protect.
'Mongst Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the clouds are crowned,
The valley Ewias lies, immured so deep and round,
As they below, that see the mountains rise so high,
Might think the straggling herds were grazing in the sky:
Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear,
As Nature at the first appointed it for prayer:
Where, in an aged cell, with moss and ivy grown,
In which not to this day the sun hath ever shone,
That reverend British saint, in zealous ages past,
To contemplation lived; and did so truly fast,
As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yields,
And fed upon the leeks he gathered in the fields.
In memory of whom, in the revolving year,
The Welchmen on his day that sacred herb do wear.

Michael Drayton.

FOR A MONUMENT IN THE VALE OF EWIAS.

HERE was it, stranger, that the patron saint
Of Cambria passed his age of penitence,
A solitary man; and here he made
His hermitage, the roots his food, his drink

Of Hodney's mountain stream. Perchance thy youth
Has read with eager wonder how the Knight
Of Wales in Ormandine's enchanted bower
Slept the long sleep; and, if that in thy veins
Flow the pure blood of Britain, sure that blood
Hath flowed with quicker impulse at the tale
Of David's deeds, when through the press of war
His gallant comrades followed his green crest
To victory. Stranger! Hatterill's mountain heights,
And this fair vale of Ewias, and the stream
Of Hodney, to thine afterthoughts will rise
More grateful, thus associate with the name
Of David and the deeds of other days.

Robert Southey.

Flint.

THE SAXONS OF FLINT.

A MAN, like others, formed by God,
On Sunday morning last I trod
The streets of Flint; an ill-built maze, —
I wish the whole were in a blaze!
An English marriage-feast was there,
Which, like all English feasts, was spare.
Naught there revealed our mountain land,
The generous heart, the liberal hand, —
No hirlas there was passed around
With richly foaming mead high crowned.

The reason why I thither came
Was something for my art to claim, —
An art that oft from prince and lord
Had won its just, its due reward.
With lips inspired I then began
To sing an ode to this mean clan:
Rudely they mocked my song and me,
And loathed my oft-praised minstrelsy.
Alas! that through my cherished art
Boors should distress and wound my heart.
Fool that I was to think the muse
Could charm corn-dealers, knavish Jews;
My polished ode forsooth they hissed,
And I midst laughter was dismissed.
For William Beisir's bag they bawl,
"Largess for him" they loudly squall;
Each roared with throat at widest stretch
For Will the piper, — low-born wretch!
Will forward steps as best he can,
Unlike a free ennobled man;
A pliant bag 'tween arm and chest,
While limping on, he tightly prest.
He stares, — he strives the bag to sound;
He swells his maw, and ogles round;
He twists and turns himself about,
With fetid breath his cheeks swell out.
What savage boors! his hideous claws
And glutton's skin win their applause!
With shuffling hand and clumsy mien
To doff his cloak he next is seen;
He snorted; bridled in his face,

And bent it down with much grimace;
Like to a kite he seemed that day, —
A kite when feathering of his prey!
The churl did blow a grating shriek,
The bag did swell, and harshly squeak,
As does a goose from nightmare crying,
Or dog crushed by a chest when dying;
This whistling box's changeless note
Is forced from turgid veins and throat;
Its sound is like a crane's harsh moan,
Or like a gosling's latest groan;
Just such a noise a wounded goat
Sends from her hoarse and gurgling throat.
His unattractive screeching lay
Being ended, William sought for pay;
Some fees he had from this mean band,
But largess from no noble hand;
Some pence were offered by a few,
Others gave little halfpence too.
Unheeded by this shabby band,
I left their feast with empty hand.
A dire mischance I wish indeed
On slavish Flint and its mean breed;
O, may its furnace be the place
Which they and piper Will may grace!
For their ill luck my prayer be told,
My curses on them, young and old!
I ne'er again will venture there;
May death all further visits spare!

Lewis Glyn Cothy. Tr. M. C. Llewelyn.

Glamorganshire.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

THOU Summer! father of delight,
With thy dense spray and thickets deep;
Gemmed monarch, with thy rapturous light
Rousing thy subject glens from sleep!
Proud has thy march of triumph been,
Thou prophet, prince of forest green!
Artificer of wood and tree,
Thou painter of unrivalled skill,
Who ever scattered gems like thee,
And gorgeous webs on park and hill?
Till vale and hill with radiant dyes,
Became another Paradise!
And thou hast sprinkled leaves and flowers,
And goodly chains of leafy bowers,
And bid thy youthful warblers sing
On oak and knoll the song of spring,
And blackbird's note of ecstasy
Burst loudly from the woodbine tree,
Till all the world is thronged with gladness,
Her multitudes have done with sadness!
O summer, do I ask in vain?
Thus in thy glory wilt thou deign
My messenger to be?
Hence from the bowels of the land
Of wild, wild Gwyneth to the strand
Of fair Glamorgan, — ocean's band,

Sweet margin of the sea!
To dear Glamorgan, when we part,
O, bear a thousand times my heart!
My blessing give a thousand times,
And crown with joy her glowing climes!
Take on her lovely vales thy stand,
And tread and trample round the land,
The beauteous shore whose harvest lies
All sheltered from inclement skies!
Radiant with corn and vineyards sweet,
And lakes of fish and mansions neat,
With halls of stone where kindness dwells,
And where each hospitable lord
Heaps for the stranger guest his board,
And where the generous wine-cup swells;
With trees that bear the luscious pear,
So thickly clustering everywhere,
That the fair country of my love
Looks dense as one continuous grove!—
Her lofty woods with warblers teem,
Her fields with flowers that love the stream,
Her valleys varied crops display,
Eight kinds of corn, and three of hay;
Bright parlor, with her trefoiled floor!
Sweet garden spread on ocean's shore!
Glamorgan's bounteous knights award
Bright mead and burnished gold to me;
Glamorgan boasts of many a bard,
Well skilled in harp and vocal glee;
The districts round her border spread,
From her have drawn their daily bread;
Her milk, her wheat, her varied stores,

Have been the life of distant shores!
And court and hamlet food have found
From the rich soil of Britain's southern bound.
And wilt thou then obey my power,
Thou Summer, in thy brightest hour?
To her thy glorious hues unfold
In one rich embassy of gold!
Her morns with bliss and splendor light,
And fondly kiss her mansions white;
Fling wealth and verdure o'er her bowers,
And for her gather all thy flowers!
Glance o'er her castles, white with lime,
With genial glimmering sublime;
Plant on the verdant coast thy feet,
Her lofty hills, her woodlands sweet;
O, lavish blossoms with thy hand
O'er all the forests of the land,
And let thy gifts like floods descending
O'er every hill and glen be blending;
Let orchard, garden, vine, express
Thy fulness and thy fruitfulness, —
O'er all the land of beauty fling
The costly traces of thy wing!
And thus mid all thy radiant flowers,
Thy thickening leaves and glossy bowers,
The poet's task shall be to glean
Roses and flowers that softly bloom,
(The jewels of the forest's gloom!)
And trefoils wove in pavement green,
With sad humility to grace
His golden Ivor's resting-place.

Davydd ab Gwilym.

Grongar Hill.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple eve, dost lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale, —
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come and aid thy sister Muse.
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song, —
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his checkered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottos where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal.
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapors, intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumbered rise,

Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beach, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood:
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
In mutual dependence find.
'T is now the raven's bleak abode;
'T is now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there fall
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered wall.
Yet Time has seen, — that lifts the low
And level lays the lofty brow, —
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state.
But transient is the smile of Fate!

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow, —
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought:
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow;
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm, —
Each gives each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadow cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,

So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present 's still a cloudy day.

O, may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'T is thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search; she is not there!

In vain you search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side;
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

John Dyer.

Llangollen.

TO THE LADY ELEANOR BUTLER AND THE HON. MISS PONSONBY.

COMPOSED IN THE GROUNDS OF PLAS NEWYDD, NEAR LLANGOLLEN, 1824.

A STREAM, to mingle with your favorite Dee,
Along the Vale of Meditation flows;
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see
In Nature's face the expression of repose;
Or haply there some pious hermit chose
To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim;
To whom the wild, sequestered region owes,
At this late day, its sanctifying name,
Glyn Cafaillgaroch, in the Cambrian tongue,
In ours, the Vale of Friendship, let this spot
Be named; where, faithful to a low-roofed cot,

On Deva's banks ye have abode so long;
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,
Even on this earth, above the reach of time!

William Wordsworth.

Llannon.

SONG.

FROM thy waves, stormy Llannon, I fly;
From thy rocks, that are lashed by their tide;
From the maid whose cold bosom, relentless as they,
Has wrecked my warm hopes by her pride!
Yet lonely and rude as the scene,
Her smile to that scene could impart
A charm that might rival the bloom of the vale, —
But away, thou fond dream of my heart!
From thy rocks, stormy Llannon, I fly.

Now the blasts of the winter come on,
And the waters grow dark as they rise!
But 't is well! — they resemble the sullen disdain
That has lowered in those insolent eyes.
Sincere were the sighs they represt,
But they rose in the days that are flown!
Ah, nymph! unrelenting and cold as thou art,
My spirit is proud as thine own!
From thy rocks, stormy Llannon, I fly.

Lo! the wings of the sea-fowl are spread
To escape the loud storm by their flight;

And these caves will afford them a gloomy retreat
From the winds and the billows of night;
Like them, to the home of my youth,
Like them, to its shades I retire;
Receive me, and shield my vexed spirit, ye groves,
From the pangs of insulted desire!
To thy rocks, stormy Llannon, adieu!

Anna Seward

Llanwellyn.

THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN.

I'VE no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake,
Nor coin in my coffer to keep me awake,
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree,—
Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Soft tapping, at eve, to her window I came,
And loud bayed the watch-dog, loud scolded the dame;
For shame, silly Lightfoot; what is it to thee,
Though the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me?

Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of scorn,
Threadbare is my coat, and my hosen are torn:
Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee
When the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market or fair;
The clerk, at the alehouse, still claims the great chair;

But of all our proud fellows, the proudest I 'll be,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

For blithe as the urchin at holiday play,
And meek as the matron in mantle of gray,
And trim as the lady of gentle degree,
Is the maid of Llanwellyn who smiles upon me.

Joanna Baillie.

Llongborth.

BATTLE OF LLONGBORTH.

BEFORE Geraint, the terror of the foe,
I saw steeds fatigued with the toil of battle,
And after the shout was given, how dreadful was the onset.

At Llongborth I saw the tumult,
And the slain drenched in gore,
And red-stained warriors from the assault of the foe.

Before Geraint, the scourge of the enemy,
I saw steeds white with foam,
And after the shout of battle, a fearful torrent.

At Llongborth I saw the raging of slaughter,
And an excessive carnage,
And warriors blood-stained from the assault of Geraint.

At Llongborth was Geraint slain,
A valiant warrior from the woodlands of Devon,
Slaughtering his foes as he fell.

Llywarch Hén. Tr. Lady Charlotte Guest.

Mathraval.

MATHRAVAL.

NOW for Mathraval went Prince Madoc forth;
O'er Menai's ebbing tide, up mountain-paths,
Beside gray mountain-stream and lonely lake,
And through old Snowdon's forest-solitude,
He held right on his solitary way.
Nor paused he in that rocky vale where oft
Up the familiar path, with gladder pace,
His steed had hastened to the well-known door, —
That valley o'er whose crags and sprinkled trees
And winding stream so oft his eye had loved
To linger, gazing, as the eve grew dim,
From Dolwyddelan's Tower: alas! from thence,
As from his brother's monument, he turned
A loathing eye, and through the rocky vale
Sped on. From morn till noon, from noon till eve,
He travelled on his way; and when at morn
Again the Ocean Chief bestrode his steed,
The heights of Snowdon on his backward glance
Hung like a cloud in heaven. O'er heath and hill

And barren height he rode; and darker now,
In loftier majesty, thy mountain-seat,
Star-loving Idris! rose. Nor turned he now
Beside Kregennan, where his infant feet
Had trod Ednywain's hall; nor loitered he
In the green vales of Powys, till he came
Where Warnway rolls its waters underneath
Ancient Mathraval's venerable walls,
Cyveilioc's princely and paternal seat.

Robert Southey.

Melangell.

MELANGELL.

SO for the place of meeting they set forth;
And now they reached Melangell's lonely church:
Amid a grove of evergreens it stood,
A garden and a grove, where every grave
Was decked with flowers, or with unfading plants
O'ergrown, — sad rue and funeral rosemary.

Robert Southey.

Menai, the Strait.

THE BATTLE.

THE ravens croaked, and human blood,
In ruddy flood, poured o'er the land;
Then burning houses war proclaimed,

Churches inflamed and palace halls;
While sheets of fire scale the sky,
And warriors cry, "To battle!"

They clearly heard the conflict's roar
On Menai's shore, from Seiont's fort.
Three hundred ships, so heroes say,
The third of May, were set on fire.
Ten hundred times as many fled,
And not a beard stayed on Menai.

Owain Gwynedd. Tr. Thomas Stephens.

MENAI STRAIT.

ON CROSSING THE ANGLESEA STRAIT TO BANGOR AT MIDNIGHT.

'TWAS night, when from the Druid's gloomy cave,
Where I had wandered, tranced in thought, alone
Mid Cromlech's and the Carnedd's funeral stone,
Pensive and slow I sought the Menai's wave:
Lulled by the scene, a soothing stillness laid
Each pang to rest. O'er Snowdon's cloudless brow
The moon, that full orbed rose, with peaceful glow
Beamed on the rocks; with many a star arrayed,
Glittered the broad blue sky; from shore to shore
O'er the smooth current streamed a silver light,
Save where along the flood the lonely height
Of rocky Penmaenmaur deep darkness spread;
And all was silence, save the ceaseless roar
Of Conway bursting on the ocean's bed.

William Sotheby.

Merioneth.

THE CUCKOO'S SONG TO MERIONETH.

WHATE'ER I 've seen beneath the stars,
Where fruitful climes abound;
Of social youths, and streaming jars,
When mirth and wine go round:
All these are only found compleat
In fair Mervinia's sweet retreat.

Mervinia's rocks perhaps are seen
To threaten want and dearth;
Cold and barren, void of green,
Yet full of joy and mirth;
Who thinks the nightingale to hear
On mountains chanting all the year?

Where greater beauty can you find?
Each villager has charms!
Discretion 's to the housewife joined,
The pleased beholder warms:
In thee, Mervinia, dwell the fair,
Who rule all hearts, or cause despair!

How bright 's the salmon in the stream!
How beautiful the thrush!
With wing expanded seems to gleam,
All spangling in the bush:

And yet how far the maids excel,
Who in Mervinia's valleys dwell?

As sweet as to the feathered kind
To range through every grove;
As sweet as to the infant-mind
To sip the milk they love;
Could I, I would explore to thee,
How sweet, Mervinia, thou 'rt to me.

O tuneful harp! melodious sound!
When friends united are;
The odes alternately go round,
Unthinking of the miser's care.
How sweet their voices round the fire,
When fair Mervinians join the lyre!

Although in pleasure's maze I 'm lost,
And range new joys to find;
Command what seas and land can boast,
Uneasy 's still my mind:
To thee, Mervinia, I 'll return,
My soul for thee doth ever burn.

Lewis Morris. Tr. William Vaughan.

Milford Haven.

MILFORD HAVEN.

YOU goodly sister floods, how happy is your state!
Or should I more commend your features or your fate,
That Milford, which this isle her greatest port doth call,
Before your equal floods is lotted to your fall?
Where was sail ever seen, or wind hath ever blown,
Whence Penbrooke yet hath heard of haven like her own?
She bids Dungleddy dare Iberia's proudest road,
And chargeth her to send her challenges abroad
Along the coast of France, to prove if any be
Her Milford that dare match: so absolute is she.
And Clethy coming down from Wrenyvaur her sire
(A hill that thrusts his head into the etherial fire)
Her sister's part doth take, and dare avouch as much;
And Percily the Proud, whom nearly it doth touch,
Said he would bear her out, and that they all should know.
And therewithal he struts, as though he scorned to show
His head below the heaven when he of Milford spake:
But there was not a port the prize durst undertake.
So highly Milford is in every mouth renowned,
No haven hath aught good, in her that is not found.
Whereas the swelling surge, that, with his foamy head,
The gentler-looking land with fury menaced,

With his encountering wave no longer there contends;
But sitting mildly down like perfect ancient friends,
Unmoved of any wind which way soe'er it blow,
And rather seem to smile than knit an angry brow.
The ships with shattered ribs scarce creeping from the seas,
On her sleek bosom ride with such deliberate ease,
As all her passed storms she holds but mean and base,
So she may reach at length this most delightful place,
By nature with proud cleeves invironed about,
To crown the goodly road: where builds the falcon stout,
Which we the gentle call; whose fleet and active wings
It seems that Nature made when most she thought on kings;
Which managed to the lure, her high and gallant flight
The vacant sportful man so greatly doth delight,
That with her nimble quills his soul doth seem to hover,
And lie the very pitch that lusty bird doth cover.

Michael Drayton.

Penmanmawr.

PENMANMAWR.

THE sun goes down.
Far off his light is on the naked crags
Of Penmanmawr, and Arvon's ancient hills;
And the last glory lingers yet awhile,
Crowning old Snowdon's venerable head,
That rose amid his mountains.

Robert Southey.

Plynlimmon.

PLYNILLIMON.

PLYNILLIMON'S high praise no longer, Muse, defer,
What once the Druids told, how great those floods should be
That here (most mighty hill) derive themselves from thee.
The bards with fury rapt, the British youth among,
Unto the charming harp thy future honor song
In brave and lofty strains; that in excess of joy,
The beldam and the girl, the grandsire and the boy,
With shouts and yearning cries, the troubled air did load
(As when with crowned cups unto the Elian god
Those priests his orgies held; or when the old world saw
Full Phœbe's face eclipsed, and thinking her to daw,
Whom they supposed fallen in some inchanted swound),
Of beaten tinkling brass still plied her with the sound),
That all the Cambrian hills, which high'st their heads do bear
With most obsequious shows of low subjected fear,
Should to thy greatness stoop: and all the brooks that be
Do homage to those floods that issued out of thee.

Michael Drayton.

Rhyadr, the River.

THE RIVER RHYADR.

FOAMING and frothing from mountainous height,
Roaring like thunder, the Rhyadr falls;
Though its silvery splendor the eye may delight,
Its fury the heart of the bravest appalls.

From the Welsh. Tr. George Borrow.

Rivers of Wales.

RIVERS OF WALES.

AND as each one is praised for her peculiar things,
So only she is rich in mountains, meres, and springs,
And holds herself as great in her superfluous waste,
As others by their towns and fruitful tillage graced.
And therefore, to recount her rivers from their lins,
Abridging all delays, Mervinia thus begins:
"Though Dovy, which doth far her neighboring floods surmount
(Whose course for hers alone Montgomery doth account),
Hath Angell for her own, and Keriog she doth clear,
With Towin, Gwedall then, and Dulas, all as dear,
Those tributary streams she is maintained withall;

Yet, boldly may I say, her rising and her fall
My country calleth hers, with many another brook,
That with their crystal eyes on the Vergivian look.
To Dovy next, of which Desunny seaward drives,
Lingorrill goes alone: but plenteous Avon strives
The first to be at sea; and faster her to hie,
Clear Kessilgum comes in, with Hergum by and by.
So Derry Moothy draws, and Moothy calleth Caine,
Which in one channel meet in going to the main,
As to their utmost power to lend her all their aids:
So Atro by the arm Lanbeder kindly leads.
And Velenrid the like, observing the other's law,
Calls Cunnell; she again fair Drurid forth doth draw,
That from their mother Earth, the rough Mervinia, pay
Their mixed plenteous springs unto the lesser bay
Of those two noble arms into the land that bear,
Which through Gwinethia be so famous everywhere,
On my Carnarvan side by nature made my mound,
As Dovy doth divide the Cardiganian ground.
The pearly Conwaye's head, as that of holy Dee,
Renowned rivers both, their rising have in me:
So Lavern and the Lue, themselves that headlong throw
Into the spacious lake, where Dee unmixed doth flow.
Trowerrin takes his stream here from a native lin;
Which, out of Pimblemere when Dee himself doth win,
Along with him his lord full courteously doth glide:
So Rudock riseth here, and Cletor that do guide
Him in his rugged path, and make his greatness way,
Their Dee into the bounds of Denbigh to convey."

Michael Drayton.

St. Asaph.

OUR LADY'S WELL.

A BEAUTIFUL spring in the woods near St. Asaph, formerly covered in with a chapel, now in ruins. It was dedicated to the Virgin, and, according to Pennant, much the resort of pilgrims.

FOUNT of the woods! thou art hid no more
From heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore.
For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls,
And the sun's free glance on thy slumber falls;
And the dim tree shadows across thee pass,
As the boughs are swayed o'er thy silvery glass;
And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown,
When the autumn wind hath a stormy tone;
And thy bubbles rise to the flashing rain, —
Bright fount! thou art nature's own again!

Fount of the vale! thou art sought no more
By the pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,
When he came from afar, his beads to tell,
And to chant his hymn at Our Lady's Well.
There is heard no Ave through thy bowers,
Thou art gleaming lone midst thy water flowers!
But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,
And there may the reaper his forehead lave,
And the woodman seeks thee not in vain, —
Bright fount! thou art nature's own again!

Fount of the virgin's ruined shrine!
A voice that speaks of the past is thine!

It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh
With the notes that ring through the laughing sky;
Midst the mirthful song of the summer bird,
And the sound of the breeze, it will yet be heard! —
Why is it that thus we may gaze on thee,
To the brilliant sunshine sparkling free?
'T is that all on earth is of Time's domain, —
He hath made thee nature's own again!

Fount of the chapel with ages gray!
Thou art springing freshly amidst decay;
Thy rites are closed and thy cross lies low,
And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now.
Yet if at thine altar one holy thought
In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought;
If peace to the mourner hath here been given,
Or prayer from a chastened heart to Heaven, —
Be the spot still hallowed while Time shall reign,
Who hath made thee nature's own again!

Felicia Hemans.

St. David's.

ST. DAVID'S.

So Gresholme far doth stand:
Scalme, Stockholme, with Saint Bride, and Gatholme, nearer land
(Which with their veiny breasts entice the gods of sea,

That with the lusty isles do revel every day),
As crescent-like the land her breadth here inward bends,
From Milford, which she forth to old Menevia sends;
Since, holy David's seat; which of especial grace
Doth lend that nobler name to this unnobler place.
Of all the holy men whose fame so fresh remains,
To whom the Britons built so many sumptuous fanes,
This saint before the rest their patron still they hold:
Whose birth their ancient bards to Cambria long fore-
told;
And seated here a see, his bishopric of yore,
Upon the farthest point of this unfruitful shore;
Selected by himself, that far from all resort
With contemplation seemed most fitly to comport;
That, void of all delight, cold, barren, bleak, and dry,
No pleasure might allure, nor steal the wandering eye:
Where Ramsey with those rocks, in rank that ordered
stand
Upon the furthest point of David's ancient land,
Do raise their rugged heads (the seaman's noted marks),
Called, of their mitred tops, The Bishop and his Clarks;
Into that channel cast, whose raging current roars
Betwixt the British sands and the Hibernian shores:
Whose grim and horrid face doth pleased heaven neglect,
And bears bleak winter still in his more sad aspect.

Michael Drayton.

Skirid.

SKIRID,

A HILL NEAR ABERGAVENNY.

SKIRID! remembrance thy loved scene renews;
Fancy, yet lingering on thy shaggy brow,
Beholds around the lengthened landscape glow,
Which charmed, when late the day-beam's parting hues
Purpled the distant cliff. The crystal stream
Of Usk bright winds the verdant meads among;
The dark heights lower with wild woods o'erhung;
Pale on the gray tower falls the twilight gleam,
And frequent I recall the sudden breeze,
Which, as the sun shot up his last pale flame,
Shook every light leaf shivering on the trees:
Then, bathed in dew, meek evening silent came,
While the low wind, that faint and fainter fell,
Soft murmured to the dying day — Farewell!

William Sotheby.

Snowdon.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. EVAN EVANS.

MR. EVANS died suddenly in the month of May, 1789: some say that he perished on a mountain; others say that he died at or near his native home; but none deny that poverty and sorrow hastened the death of our talented but unfortunate author.

ON Snowdon's haughty brow I stood,
And viewed afar old Menai's flood;
Carnarvon Castle, eagle-crowned,
And all the beauteous prospect round;
But soon each gay idea fled,
For Snowdon's favorite bard was dead.
Poor bard, accept one genuine tear,
And read thy true eulogium here;
Here in my heart, that rues the day
Which stole Eryri's pride away.
But, lo, where seen by Fancy's eye
His visionary form glides by;
Pale, ghastly pale, that hollow cheek;
That frantic look does more than speak,
And tells a tale so full of woe,
My bosom swells, my eyes o'erflow.
On Snowdon's rocks, unhomed, unfed,
The tempest howling round his head,
Far from the haunts of men, alone,
Unheard, unpitied, and unknown,
To want and to despair a prey,

He pined and sighed his soul away.
Ungrateful countrymen, your pride,
Your glory, wanted bread, and died!
Whilst ignorance and vice are fed,
Shall wit and genius droop their head?
Shall fawning sycophants be paid
For flattering fools, while thou art laid
On thy sick-bed, the mountain heath,
Waiting the slow approach of death,
Beneath inhospitable skies,
Without a friend to close thine eyes?
Thus shall the chief of bards expire,
The master of the British lyre,
And shall thy hapless relics rot,
Unwept, unhallowed, and forgot?
No! while one grateful Muse remains,
And Pity dwells on Cambria's plains,
Thy mournful story shall be told,
And wept, till time itself grows old.

Robert Williams.

ERYRI WEN.

"SNOWDON was held as sacred by the ancient Britons as Parnassus was by the Greeks and Ida by the Cretans. It is still said, that whosoever slept upon Snowdon would wake inspired, as much as if he had taken a nap on the hill of Apollo. The Welsh had always the strongest attachment to the tract of Snowdon. Our princes had, in addititon to their title, that of Lord of Snowdon." — PENNANT.

THEIRS was no dream, O monarch hill,
With heaven's own azure crowned!
Who called thee — what thou shalt be still,
White Snowdon! — holy ground.

They fabled not, thy sons who told
  Of the dread power enshrined
Within thy cloudy mantle's fold
  And on thy rushing wind!

It shadowed o'er thy silent height,
  It filled thy chainless air,
Deep thoughts of majesty and might
  Forever breathing there.

Nor hath it fled! the awful spell
  Yet holds unbroken sway,
As when on that wild rock it fell
  Where Merddin Emrys lay.

Though from their stormy haunts of yore
  Thine eagles long have flown,
As proud a flight the soul shall soar
  Yet from thy mountain throne!

Pierce then the heavens, thou hill of streams!
  And make the snows thy crest!
The sunlight of immortal dreams
  Around thee still shall rest.

Eryri! temple of the bard,
  And fortress of the free!
Midst rocks which heroes died to guard,
  Their spirit dwells with thee!

Felicia Hemans.

SNOWDON.

COLD is the snow on Snowdon's brow,
It makes the air so chill;
For cold, I trow, there is no snow
Like that of Snowdon's hill.

A hill most chill is Snowdon's hill,
And wintry is his brow;
From Snowdon's hill the breezes chill
Can freeze the very snow.

From the Welsh. Tr. George Barrow.

SNOWDON.

IN one of those excursions (may they ne'er
Fade from remembrance !) through the northern tracts
Of Cambria ranging with a youthful friend,
I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-time,
And westward took my way, to see the sun
Rise from the top of Snowdon. To the door
Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base
We came, and roused the shepherd who attends
The adventurous stranger's steps, a trusty guide;
Then, cheered by short refreshment, sallied forth.

It was a close, warm, breezeless summer night,
Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping fog
Low-hung and thick that covered all the sky;

But, undiscouraged, we began to climb
The mountain-side. The mist soon girt us round,
And, after ordinary travellers' talk
With our conductor, pensively we sank
Each into commerce with his private thoughts:
Thus did we breast the ascent, and by myself
Was nothing either seen or heard that checked
Those musings or diverted, save that once
The shepherd's lurcher, who, among the crags,
Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog, teased
His coiled-up prey with barkings turbulent.
This small adventure, for even such it seemed
In that wild place and at the dead of night,
Being over and forgotten, on we wound
In silence as before. With forehead bent
Earthward, as in opposition set
Against an enemy, I panted up
With eager pace, and no less eager thoughts.
Thus might we wear a midnight hour away,
Ascending at loose distance each from each,
And I, as chanced, the foremost of the band;
When at my feet the ground appeared to brighten,
And with a step or two seemed brighter still:
Nor was time given to ask or learn the cause,
For instantly a light upon the turf
Fell like a flash, and lo! as I looked up,
The moon hung naked in a firmament
Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.
A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved
All over this still ocean; and beyond,

Far, far beyond, the solid vapors stretched,
In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,
Into the main Atlantic, that appeared
To dwindle, and give up his majesty,
Usurped upon far as the sight could reach.
Not so the ethereal vault; encroachment none
Was there, nor loss; only the inferior stars
Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light
In the clear presence of the full-orbed moon,
Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed
Upon the billowy ocean, as it lay
All meek and silent, save that through a rift —
Not distant from the shore whereon we stood,
A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing-place —
Mounted the roar of waters, torrents, streams
Innumerable, roaring with one voice!
Heard over earth and sea, and, in that hour,
For so it seemed, felt by the starry heavens.

William Wordsworth.

BETH GÊLERT; OR, THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn;
And many a brach and many a hound
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"O, where doth faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race,
So true, so brave, — a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?"

'T was only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentineled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;

The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child, — no voice replied, —
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir:

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;

There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
  Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
  And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
  Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
  And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
  The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

William Robert Spencer.

Swansea.

ROSE AYLMER.

AH, what avails the sceptred race!
  Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Walter Savage Landor.

Teg-Engle.

TEG-ENGLE.

MOYLEVENNILL with her sight that never is sufficed,
Now with excessive joy so strongly is surprised,
That thus he proudly spake: "On the Gwynethian ground
(And look from east to west) what country is there crowned
As thou, Tegenia, art? that, with a vale so rich
(Cut thorough with the Cluyd, whose graces me bewitch),
The fruitfull'st of all Wales, so long hast honored been:
As also by thy spring, such wonder who dost win,
That naturally remote, six British miles from sea,
And rising on the firm, yet in the natural day
Twice falling, twice doth fill, in most admired wise.
When Cynthia from the east unto the south doth rise,
That mighty Neptune flows, then strangely ebbs thy well;
And when again he sinks, as strangely she doth swell."

Michael Drayton.

Tivy, the River.

THE RIVER TIVY.

WHEN as the salmon seeks a fresher stream to find
(Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his kind,
As he in season grows), and stems the watery tract
Where Tivy, falling down, doth make a cataract,
Forced by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
As though within their bounds they meant her to inclose;
Here, when the laboring fish doth at the foot arrive,
And finds that by his strength but vainly he doth strive,
His tail takes in his teeth; and bending like a bow,
That 's to the compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw:
Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand,
That bended end to end, and flerted from the hand,
Far off itself doth cast; so doth the salmon vaut.
And if at first he fail, his second summersaut
He instantly assays; and from his nimble ring,
Still yarking, never leaves, until himself he fling
Above the streamful top of the surrounded heap.
More famous long agone than for the salmons' leap,
For beavers Tivy was, in her strong banks that bred,
Which else no other brook of Britain nourished:
Where Nature, in the shape of this now-perished beast,
His property did seem to have wondrously exprest;

Being bodied like a boat, with such a mighty tail
As served him for a bridge, a helm, or for a sail,
When kind did him command the architect to play,
That his strong castle built of branched twigs and clay
Which, set upon the deep, but yet not fixed there,
He eas'ly could remove as it he pleased to steer
To this side or to that; the workmanship so rare,
His stuff wherewith to build, first being to prepare,
A foraging he goes, to groves or bushes nigh,
And with his teeth cuts down his timber: which laid by,
He turns him on his back, his belly laid abroad,
When with what he hath got, the other do him load,
Till lastly by the weight his burthen he have found.
Then, with his mighty tail his carriage having bound
As carters do with ropes, in his sharp teeth he gript;
Some stronger stick: from which the lesser branches stript,
He takes it in the midst; at both the ends, the rest,
Hard holding with their fangs, unto the labor prest,
Going backward, towards their home their loaded carriage led,
From whom those first here born were taught the useful sled.
Then builded he his fort with strong and several fights
His passages contrived with such unusual sleights,
That from the hunter oft he issued undiscerned,
As if men from this beast to fortify had learned;
Whose kind, in her decayed, is to this Isle unknown.
Thus Tivy boasts this beast peculiarly her own.

Michael Drayton.

FAIR TIVY.

FAIR Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
Thy wild oaken woods, and green eglantine bowers,
Thy banks with the blush-rose and amaranth glowing,
While friendship and mirth claim these laborless hours!
Yet weak is our vaunt while something we want
More sweet than the pleasure which prospects can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet is the odor of jasmine and roses,
That Zephyr around us so lavishly flings!
Perhaps for Bleanpant fresh perfume he composes,
Or tidings from Bronwith auspiciously brings;
Yet weak is our vaunt while something we want
More sweet than the pleasure which odors can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet was the strain that enlivened the spirit,
And cheered us with numbers so frolic and free!
The poet is absent: be just to his merit;
Ah! may he in love be more happy than we;
For weak is our vaunt while something we want
More sweet than the pleasure the Muses can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How gay is the circle of friends round a table,
Where stately Kilgarran o'erhangs the brown dale;
Where none are unwilling, and few are unable,
To sing a wild song or repeat a wild tale!
Yet weak is our vaunt while something we want
More sweet than the pleasure that friendship can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

No longer then pore over dark Gothic pages,
To cull a rude gibberish from Neatheam or Brooke;
Leave year-books and parchments to gray-bearded sages;
Be nature and love and fair woman our book;
For weak is our vaunt while something we want
More sweet than the pleasure that learning can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Admit that our labors were crowned with full measure,
And gold were the fruit of rhetorical flowers,
That India supplied us with long-hoarded treasure,
That Dinevor, Slebeck, and Coidsmore were ours;
Yet weak is our vaunt while something we want
More sweet than the pleasure that riches can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

O, say that, preferring fair Thames to fair Tivy,
We gained the bright ermine robes, purple and red,
And peeped through long perukes, like owlets through ivy;

Or say that bright coronets blazed on our head;
Yet weak is our vaunt while something we want
More sweet than the pleasure that honors can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Sir William Jones.

LAST WORDS OF CADWALLON.

THERE is a tradition that Dafydd y Garreg-wen, a famous Welsh bard, being on his death-bed, called for his harp, and composed the sweet, melancholy air to which these verses are united, requesting that it might be performed at his funeral.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the moment is nigh,
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die:
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade
Unhonored shall flourish, unhonored shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue
That viewed them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name,
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And O, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom and wave the dark hair;
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquered thy warriors and matchless thy maids!
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell, my loved harp! my last treasure, farewell!

Sir Walter Scott.

Towy, the River.

BANKS OF THE TOWY.

MUSING on thoughts like these, did Madoc roam
Alone along the Towy's winding shore.
The beavers in its bank had hollowed out
Their social place of dwelling, and had dammed
The summer current, with their perfect art
Of instinct, erring not in means nor end.
But as the floods of spring had broken down
Their barrier, so its breaches unrepaired
Were left; and round the piles, which, deeper driven,
Still held their place, the eddying waters whirled.
Now in those habitations desolate
One sole survivor dwelt: him Madoc saw,
Laboring alone, beside his hermit house;
And in that mood of melancholy thought, —

For in his boyhood he had loved to watch
Their social work, and for he knew that man
In bloody sport had wellnigh rooted out
The poor community, — the ominous sight
Became a grief and burden. Eve came on;
The dry leaves rustled to the wind, and fell
And floated on the stream; there was no voice
Save of the mournful rooks, who overhead
Winged their long line; for fragrance of sweet flowers,
Only the odor of the autumnal leaves; —
All sights and sounds of sadness. And the place
To that despondent mood was ministrant.
Among the hills of Gwyneth, and its wilds,
And mountain glens, perforce he cherished still
The hope of mountain liberty; they braced
And knit the heart and arm of hardihood:
But here, in these green meads, by these low slopes
And hanging groves, attempered to the scene,
His spirit yielded.

Robert Southey.

Twydee.

TWYDEE.

GO, roam through this isle; view her oak-bosomed towers,
View the scenes which her Stowes and her Blenheims impart;

See lawns, where proud wealth has exhausted its powers,
And nature is lost in the mazes of art:
Far fairer to me
Are the shades of Twydee,
With her rocks, and her floods, and her wild blossomed bowers.

Here mountain on mountain exultingly throws,
Through storm, mist, and snow, its bleak crags to the sky;
In their shadow the sweets of the valley repose,
While streams gay with verdure and sunshine steal by;
Here bright hollies bloom
Through the deep thicket's gloom,
And the rocks wave with woodbine and hawthorn, and rose.

'T is eve; and the sun faintly glows in the west,
But thy flowers, fading Skyrrid, are fragrant with dew,
And the Usk, like a spangle in nature's dark vest,
Breaks, in gleams of far moonlight, more soft on the view;
By valley and hill
All is lovely and still,
And we linger, as lost, in some isle of the blest.

O, how happy the man who from fashion's cold ray
Flies to shades sweet as these, with the one he loves best!

With the smiles of affection to gladden their day,
And the nightingale's vespers to lull them to rest;
While the torments of life,
Its ambition and strife,
Pass, like storms heard at distance, unheeded away.

William Peter.

Usk, the River.

BRECON BRIDGE.

LOW to himself beneath the sun,
While soft his dusky waters run,
With ripple calm as infant's breath,
An ancient song Usk murmureth,
By the bridge of Aberhonddu.

'T is not of deeds of old, the song,
Llewellyn's fate, or Gwalia's wrong;
But how, while we have each our day
And then are not, he runs for aye.

He sees the baby dip its feet
Within his limpid waters sweet;
And hears when youth and passion speak
What strikes to flame the maiden's cheek.

Then manhood's colors tamed to gray,
With his fair child the father gay:

And then Old Age, who creeps to view
The stream his feet in boyhood knew.

From days before the iron cry
Of Roman legions rent the sky,
Since man with wolf held brutish strife,
Usk sees the flow and ebb of life.

As mimic whirlpools on his face,
Orb after orb, each other chase,
And gleam and intersect and die,
Our little circles eddy by.

But those fair waters run for aye
While to himself, — Where'er they stray,
All footsteps lead at last to Death,
His ancient song, Usk murmureth
By the bridge of Aberhonddu.

Francis Turner Palgrave.

END OF VOL. IV.

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